new masses

6-10-47

TAKE A LOOK AT TURKEY

An eye-witness report by Ramon Lavalle

WHO SAYS SINCLAIR LEWIS CAN'T WRITE?

by Howard Fast

What Teen-Agers Are Reading

by Jay Williams

JUNE 10, 1947 • 15¢ • IN CANADA 20¢

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *Look Who's Going to College*, by Joseph North; *Marzani Made a Movie*, by Virginia Gardner; *The Black Mahdi*, by W. E. B. Du Bois; *Paris Letter*, by Claude Morgan.

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A REPORT to the STOCKHOLDERS

HERE'S the picture, after four months of our financial drive. We know you want to know and we want to tell you. We began the campaign in these pages in February, with a stockholders' report explaining why NM needs $40,000 for the first four months of this year, and $65,000 for the year. We needn't repeat the reasons; we're sure you know them by now: the spectacular rise in printing costs, etc.

To date NM has received $24,941, or about 62 percent of the amount needed to cover the back debts and the deficit for the first four months. In addition, you can add another $5,240 the art auction and other NM affairs netted the magazine. So—as a result of contributions and affairs NM has raised, to date, a total of $30,181. About $10,000 short of the total needed.

To carry on, NM has been obliged to make loans for the balance. That's the picture to date. So you see how much more must be done to keep the magazine in there slugging.

We want herewith to thank those of our readers who have already contributed to NM, and to urge those who have not done so to take out their check books now. Today.

We want, too, to thank those many NM readers who wrote us those heartening letters—from the colleges, from the offices, from every one of the forty-eight states—telling us how much they want NM. And enclosing their bit.

We are closing the fund drive in our pages even though the danger is still acute. We shall continue the drive in other ways, a few of which we want to suggest to NM's readers here.

We told you in the course of the drive that 5,000 new subscribers to NM would greatly lessen the financial problem.

At $6 for a yearly sub, that would mean $30,000 more. Of course, some of that would go for publication costs, but the higher the circulation the less the cost per copy. The greater part of that $30,000 would go toward stabilizing the financial picture. So we urge each NM reader to get at least one new subscriber.

Second: we know that despite the warmer weather you still hold parties on week-ends. We urge every NM reader to schedule a party this week-end, or next, or as soon as possible, for NEW MASSES. (And we have no objection if you run a series of them throughout the summer for the magazine.)

If this were done, we know we could lick the problem.

You shall hear from us further on this, in our "Just a Minute" column, or by mail. In any event, we know you will not understand the absence of our fund appeal in these pages as the absence of a financial problem. And we know that you will come through if you haven't yet.

PAUL KAYE,
Business Manager.

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new masses

established 1911

VOLUME LXIII, NUMBER 11

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ARE YOU A CRIMINAL?

YOUR name is not Eugene Dennis. But what is happening to him is happening to you. It is happening to America. Just ponder this.

Within the space of less than two weeks, starting June 4, twenty-two leaders of progressive organizations are being put on trial, threatened with imprisonment and heavy fines, because they dared to say No to the inquisitors of the Thomas-Rankin Committee on Un-American Activities. Among them is Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the Communist Party, whose trial is at this writing scheduled to open June 16. Among them is Gerhart Eisler, noted German Communist. Among them are Dr. Edward K. Barsky, Howard Fast, Helen Bryan, Herman Shumlin and thirteen other members of the executive board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Among them are George Marshall, a leader of the Civil Rights Congress, Rev. Richard Morford, executive director of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, and Leon Josephson, who worked in the anti-Nazi underground.

Not since the Palmer dragnet in 1920 has such a concerted attempt been made to deprive the progressive movement of so many leaders.

The charges against these men and women are contempt of Congress (some are also accused of conspiracy to withhold records)—though they have merely expressed the contempt which millions of Americans feel for the un-American, pro-fascist activities of the Thomas-Rankin committee. Their real crime, however, is that they have fought for America's welfare as against monopoly plunder, have raised funds to aid refugees from fascism, and have worked for cooperation in peace with our great wartime ally, the Soviet Union. *Their real crime is American patriotism.* These are the Nuremberg trials in reverse, with the Thomas-Rankin fascists acting as prosecutors of the anti-fascists!

THERE was a time when the Un-American Committee was something of a lone wolf in our government, publicly condemned by President Roosevelt and Henry A. Wallace (then Vice-President), and refused cooperation by the Department of Justice. How far our government has moved from the FDR road is evident in the fact that today not only do the Un-American Committee's outrages go unchallenged, but the Department of Justice and President Truman himself are actively collaborating with it. Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article by Virginia Gardner on the Marzani trial and the inquisition against more than 2,000,000 government employes under the Truman loyalty order—an order which A. L. Pomerantz, former American senior trial counsel in the Nazi industrialist cases, described in a letter to the New York *Times* as "the most Nazi-like and terrifying law since the Alien and Sedition Acts." In this issue Joseph North also tells of the repression against college students who think the "wrong" thoughts—a repression directly engendered by the Un-American Committee and the FBI. In these two areas alone the name of Eugene Dennis is being transformed into the names of 5,000,000 Americans.

Who else is in danger of being hounded? Who isn't? On June 16, the day Dennis is scheduled to go on trial, the second reel of the Un-American Committee's lurid Hollywood scenario is also to be shown in Washington.

Today, when big business and its bipartisan hatchet-men are determined to shackle labor unions rather than lower prices and raise purchasing power, when they try to force their dollar doctrine down the throats of other peoples, then the majority of our own people must in their eyes acquire a Red tinge.

The setback given the Truman Doctrine by the resistance of millions of Americans shows that if we think without panic and act without fear—act together—we, the people, can win. Your freedom and your country's freedom are being placed on trial in Washington. Act to save them.

1. Write or wire Attorney General Tom Clark and demand the quashing of the indictments against the twenty-two progressive leaders.

2. Circulate petitions among your friends.

3. Get the organizations to which you belong to adopt resolutions.

4. Help organize protest meetings. In New York Dalton Trumbo, John Howard Lawson, Dorothy Parker, W. E. B. Du Bois, Howard Fast, Hanns Eisler and others will speak at a meeting in Manhattan Center Wednesday, June 11, sponsored by *Mainstream*, to protest the trials and the Un-American Committee's attack on culture. Such rallies should be held everywhere.

THE EDITORS.

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LOOK WHO'S GOING TO COLLEGE

The Red-hunters are scurrying about the campus but the students insist upon the right to think.

By JOSEPH NORTH

I SAT in the Quonset hut among the group of students who had invited me to beer and sandwiches after the meeting. It had shifted into quite a bull session. The students sat about, several on the floor, two on the narrow bed. The nearby college chimes struck one. Something in their brooding faces, something in the mood here evoked memories. I dug around in my mind and then I had it: it reminded me for all the world of the jammed Liberty ship quarters I'd crossed to Europe in during the war and that foggy dawn during the North Atlantic storm when the rumor flew that periscopes had been sighted off starboard.

"Sometimes," said the junior, a veteran of the Bulge, "I pinch myself and ask, Reynolds, what the hell are you doing here? Okay, I say, in two years you'll have your parchment and your A.B. Then what?"

"Yes, what?" echoed the senior, a tall, tousled-headed science student. "What'll be in two years? Will we be singing 'Brother, Can You Spare a Dime'? Or will we be pushing valiantly across the steppes toward the Kremlin?"

"Maybe there won't be a war," a quiet lad in glasses from Utica said. "Maybe Henry Wallace will be President and we'll have peace instead."

"No," said the science student, "he can't be President. Every Hottentot would get a quart of milk and you can't give away our milk supply and be a President."

"Maybe you can on Lend Lease," the other said.

"Come on," the first replied. "Let's get down to business—what's what on the campus. That's what Joe North here wants to know for his series."

We discussed the issues I outlined in my first article [NM, May 27]—$65-$90; peace, depression; academic freedom. Toward the close of the session the quiet lad in spectacles pulled a gray-backed booklet from his pocket. "Listen," he said. "I'm considering transferring to Cornell next fall. Friend of mine sent me this." He held the booklet aloft. "Speech by Dr. Carl Becker, John Stambaugh Professor of History there, it says. They're proud of it and send it to prospective customers. Listen: '*There is no reason for the existence of Cornell, or for any other university, or for maintaining the freedom of learning and teaching which they insist upon, except insofar as they serve to maintain and promote the human and rational values which are so essential to the preservation of democratic society. . . .*'

"How," he asked, "can I stay away from Cornell after that?"

"Maintain freedom of learning and teaching!" the science student repeated, as in a mock trance.

"Promote human and rational values," the lad from Utica said.

They looked silently at one another.

"And Rankin," said the science student.

"And J. Edgar Hoover," the junior replied.

"Maybe," the lad from Utica said, "a lot of people will get together and maybe they'll make a third party and maybe elect Wallace President."

"Amen," said the host, rising. "And now it's three A.M." They rose and filed out of the hut. A slim moon had come out from behind the rain-clouds and they went home for a few hours' sleep before nine o'clock class.

NOTHING in university life will surprise me after my journeyings to Queens College and to Wayne University, in Detroit—nothing, not even if I encountered Torquemada crossing the campus smoking a briar pipe. No, not after experiencing State Senator Matthew Callahan of Lansing, Michigan, and Councilman Hugh Quinn of Flushing, L. I., top-priority favorites of the Hearst chain which, almost daily, pictures Joe College and Joe Stalin interchangeably.

I had, fatuously enough, always thought of the Sun King and the Mitsubishi when I came across the phrase "thought police"; somehow that concept belonged to pre-war Tokyo and not to a college at the end of the Eighth Avenue Subway. Thought police? The very words don't sound American, no, not until you encounter Senator Callahan and Councilman Quinn and their prototypes moving in on the colleges like red-eyed wolves around a campfire in the Klondike. What I found was a design to finish off the right to think, the rights to free inquiry and free discussion which most of us fondly accept as the American Birthright. It imperils not only the student body: it reaches up to the instructor, the professor, to the president of the university himself. Nobody is immune, nothing is sacred.

It so chanced I spoke at Queens the day after the faculty voted to bar the American Youth for Democracy from the campus. And I quickly learned that while the American Youth for Democracy is the scapegoat, campus democracy is the objective. On my way to the meeting I passed a newsstand in Flushing and noticed the screaming headline in the Long Island *Star Journal*: "COLLEGE FACULTY OUSTS AYD BY 58-42 VOTE." The story was played in type generally reserved, as newspapermen put it, for the Second Coming.

NOR was it much different when I got to Michigan. There the press beat a tom-tom of warfare against those college students in industrial Detroit and from the upstate rural areas to whom academic freedom seems almost as tangible as a Ford coupe or a Guernsey heifer. I came to Michigan shortly after State Senator Callahan's special investigating committee demanded that Dr. David Henry, president of Wayne, cancel the AYD

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charter. If the recommendations were ignored, Senator Callahan said the committee would ask the state attorney general to invoke the criminal syndicalism act. If that wouldn't throw the requisite fear into prexy's heart, Callahan also recommended that state aid be denied the university "while anti-American groups function on the campus." Dr. Henry had had the temerity to testify that the school's investigation disclosed no "anti-American" violation of campus law by the AYD. After all, the direst evidence even the Hearst press could conjure up against the student organization appeared in its March 13th issue when its reporter wrote from Lansing, beneath the appropriate eight-column, maroon-colored streamer on Page One: "Vincent Neering, Michigan State Police corporal who studied Red activities at the Detroit school, identified records from the university files including a calendar of AYD events during 1946. The calendar boasted of such events as:

"Huge-interracial dance. . . . Anti-Franco meetings at Wayne and the University of Michigan. . . . Discrimination-busting activities at the Boesky Restaurant. . . . Giant picket-lines in front of the Barlum Hotel."

"We have found no evidence of subversive activities on its [the AYD's] part," Dr. Henry had dared to inform Senator Callahan. Furthermore, he had quoted a letter from the Department of Justice dated March 24, 1947, which declared: "The department does not have evidence in its possession to prove that the program of AYD is subversive." This bit of inexpedient honesty must have jolted J. Edgar Hoover to his gummy soles, for shortly afterward Mr. Hoover righted matters with a letter indicating that all sorts of terrible, but secret, information was in his hands —too serious to merit light-hearted public revelation—that the AYD was subver-r-r-sive. Note this, and note it well: there has been no *specific* charge, no proofs of nefarious deeds by AYD —only the word of J. Edgar Hoover that *he knows*. And with that, Wayne's **faculty wilted.**

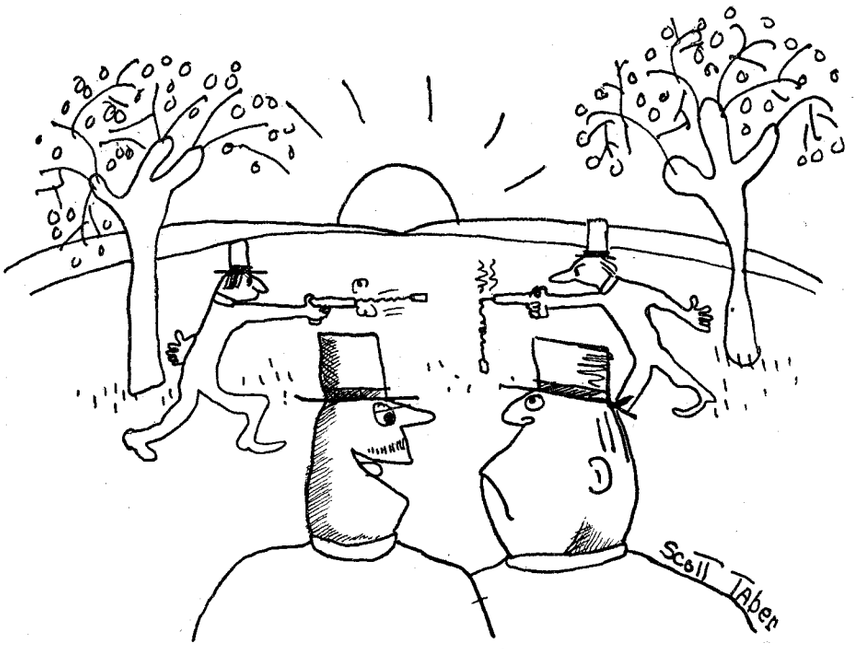
So. AYD is now banned from the campus at Wayne and Senator Callahan is a happy lawmaker. He has slain the dragon on the green and received the warm handclasp of GM's Governor Sigler, the Michigan clothes-horse in pince-nez, whose slap-happy Red-baiting occasionally gets out of hand—as on the recent occasion when he dubbed Detroit's police commissioner a Communist dupe, startling the latter gentleman out of his blue-serge and leaving him sputtering vehement denials.

IT MIGHT be of some profit to examine the mentality that is spark-plugging the drive on campus freedom. Senator Callahan is a highly respected solon at Lansing these days, is known to be a good friend of the estimable Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. His quality can be gauged from this brief picture, sketched by James Zarichny, one of the six Michigan State College students now on indefinite disciplinary probation for participating in AYD activities, on or off campus. They had distributed some leaflets backing a State Fair Employment Practices Act, proof positive that their every waking thought must be directed from the Kremlin.

"On the blustery evening of March 26," the student related, "I unexpectedly had a face-to-face encounter with State Senator Callahan, head of the Michigan Little Dies Committee. I had gone to the capitol building intending to be a listener at the committee's hearings. Instead I became a witness in an informal sort of way."

Inquiring of the guard for the room where the hearing was to be held, he was referred to "that gentleman over there," who happened to be the Senator himself. "When I asked Senator Callahan where the hearings were to be held, he demanded I tell him my name and address. I told him. Then he asked if I were associated with the AYD at Michigan State College." The student replied that he had been. "What," the Senator then asked, "is your national descent?" The student said he was Ukrainian. "Polish or Jewish?" the Senator asked. "Polish," Zarichny replied. "What are your religious beliefs?" the Senator continued. The student said he "had been brought up a Catholic."

The Senator then inquired into the reasons that induced Zarichny to join the AYD. "I told him I had joined because it was a progressive group fighting against racial discrimination and supporting the rights of labor." Callahan then asked if he supported the AYD position opposing the Franco regime in Spain. "I told him I had." The Senator wanted to know why. "One good reason," Zarichny replied, "is that the Franco government has destroyed all trade unions and working men are without any rights." Then the student turned the tables. "What," he asked the Senator, "is your opinion of the FEPC bill up before the State Senate?" The lawmaker turned silent. His colleague Senator Colin Smith, who was with him, intervened: "I feel," he said, "the bill would take away the rights of businessmen to hire whom they want to and that it would be an infringement upon liberty." By this time Senator Callahan had found



"Just one of those bipartisan affairs."

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his tongue and asked the question he felt would be the *coup de grace*: what was the student's military record?

"I told him that I had been three years in North Africa, then in the India-Burma theater, and finally on Okinawa."

"As I prepared to leave," Zarichny relates, "Senator Callahan told me he did not believe what I had been telling him. Senator Smith chimed in to say, 'He hasn't said anything.'"

There was one parting shot from Callahan: "You're Jewish and you won't admit it," he summed up.

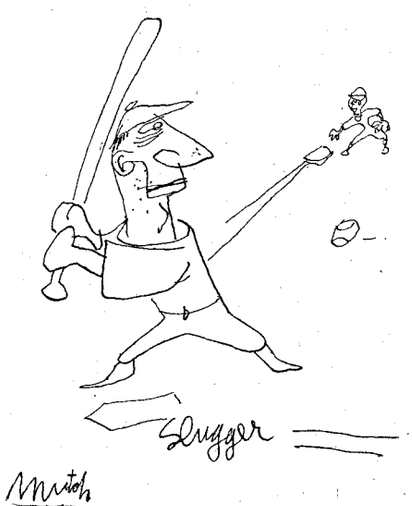
THAT'S Senator Callahan, who is deeply interested in education, although I doubt if his interest is deeper than that of Councilman Hugh Quinn, of Flushing. The day the Queens faculty voted on the AYD Quinn demanded entry into the closed session of the faculty. Dr. Klapper had gently remonstrated with the councilman: the faculty believed it had the right to a closed session. But Mr. Quinn would not be denied. (After all, isn't he on the Appropriations Committee of the City Council, and isn't Queens a city college?) He continued to bluster until the faculty invited him in to make a speech. He shouted that he didn't want to make a speech, he wanted to observe who would vote Yea and who Nay. The faculty firmly rejected this invasion of their privacy. In the course of this wrangle, the councilman blusteringly pointed his finger at Dr. Klapper: "You people," he shouted, "are doing a dangerous thing here and if you, Dr. Klapper, haven't the courage to stand on your own feet, I say you shouldn't be president of the college."

Now, it cannot be said that Dr. Klapper distinguished himself in his original stand for academic freedom. The Long Island *Star Journal* described him as "plainly pleased" at the defeat of the AYD. But that was not enough, far from it. If you have read the daily press recently, you undoubtedly know that Dr. Klapper has been asked to resign by Democratic leader James A. Roe unless he reveals the names of the forty-two teachers who voted "Nay" to expelling AYD from the campus. To Dr. Klapper's credit he has refused, and some eighty-five faculty members have signed a statement expressing utmost indignation at these developments. Dean Harold Lenz joined the signers. "Certain cardinal principles of democratic life," they said, "are in danger of being swept away in a mounting wave of fear and hysteria." They said the Queens scene reflected significant regional and national trends and that American colleges "must resist this danger." The statement then elaborated their principles and beliefs: that both faculty and students have the right of assembly and the right to express their views "within the limitations of law and intellectual integrity, a right shared by minorities and majorities alike." They believed that teachers "have the obligation to discover, promulgate and disseminate the truth," and that "restrictive measures against expression and organization" are, in time of peace, "an attack on the basic liberties of the American tradition."

And, finally, they pledged themselves to fight for the maintenance and extension of democratic liberties.

Nor was this all. The ire of the students themselves had been aroused. The college elections for the new student council on May 23 resulted in a thumping victory for the Campus Coalition Party, which defended the rights of American Youth for Democracy; it won twenty of the twenty-eight seats. In addition the Coalition Party gained six of the seven alternates to the council. Four candidates of the victorious party ran as AYD members: two were elected as alternates. To top it all, more than seventy percent of the whole student body went to the polls: only twenty-five percent had voted previously.

In other words, the students roared "No" to the kit and caboodle of the Hearstlings ambitious to institute Thought Police on the Queens campus. And their voice carried from one end of the country to the other. A few days after the election, the faculty at Harvard granted a charter to the AYD there.



In other words, nothing, in this eternal battle for democracy, succeeds like the counterattack. As our contemporary, the *Daily Worker*, puts it, "If you don't run, they can't chase you."

These significant actions merit heartiest support by all honest individuals on and off campus. And I must say, from my observations, that support of the campus citizens by the public generally is dangerously inadequate. I haven't heard labor's voice roaring protest.

We cannot expect the college professors and students to carry the burden by themselves. The faculty is in a pincer: on one side the subtle, strong pressure from the big business representatives on their Boards of Trustees, and on the other the crass, violent pressures from the un-Americans in Congress and in the press. The mighty voice of the people must be heard in their behalf.

And heard soon. The fires that began with the effort to burn AYD from the campus have spread widely: the flames are lapping at faculties, other student bodies, and all individuals whose crimes add up to espousal of the New Deal. Glance at the calendar of repression: the proposed Austin-Mahoney Bill to outlaw discrimination in New York State's educational program was described as a Communist pattern by the Catholic hierarchy even though the leading Jewish organization, the American Jewish Congress, and many other lay groups stood four-square behind it . . . Prof. MacMurray of the University of Wisconsin is refused reappointment because of his New Deal political associations . . . the Buffalo teachers' strike for livable standards is characterized as "a revolt against the government" . . . President Henry of Wayne is threatened with the criminal syndicalist act . . . the liberal superintendent of schools in San Francisco is refused renewal of his contract. Space does not permit a fuller recital; these are enough to show the way the wind is blowing. And at this writing, the gale has not abated. But unlike Mark Twain's weather there are people doing something to alter the political climate on the campus. They are acting and they have a program. They have heart and a vision.

(Mr. North's next article will describe the student fight to defeat repression on the campus and their program for the future.)

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WHAT I SAW in TURKEY

A harem belle who sold her favors to the Nazis is now the "democratic" darling of you know who.

By RAMON LAVALLE

Mr. Lavalle, formerly in the Argentine diplomatic service, is a journalist by profession. Forced to leave Japan during the war, he travelled through Manchuria, the Soviet Union and finally Turkey.

AT THE close of a two-months' survey of the Caribbean countries, studying at first hand what President Truman terms "democratic leadership," I was treated on my return to this country to a fresh course in semantics. I was somewhat surprised, but nonetheless eager, to learn the new connotations given to "democracy" in the news accounts of the proposed action to stop the "threat" of Soviet Russia. The application of this new type of semantics in Turkey is worth close consideration.

It took me little time after reaching Ankara in 1943 to be convinced that, by any known standards, local politics were rotten to the core. They were totalitarianism at its worst. Power was held—and it still is—by a clique which, like that of the infamous Polish "colonels," executed the most high-handed policies in complete disregard of all human values. Turkey's rulers wanted to get as much as they could out of the war, to enrich themselves at everyone's expense. There were daily examples of this unpleasant lack of convictions. One day the Nazis scored heavily in Africa and the Turkish press came out with a full blast of slogans supplied by von Papen. The next day the Allies managed to gain a little, and the same papers loudly praised our side. Their "neutrality" act was so masterfully performed that they were able to invite God and the Devil for dinner, pleasing both with their finesse. Neutrality was good business indeed. They industrialized it to pay high profits. Together with the Argentinians, Swiss and other neutrals, they considered the war a matter of the belly rather than the conscience. It was their own Premier Saracoglu, however, who unwittingly gave the best analysis of the greediness which had overcome them all.

In June, 1943, he delivered a speech that was hailed by the local press as a milestone in national policies. The premier declared that Turkey would fumble no passes, that it was the intention of the government to use the sharpest methods in order to end the war with its treasury full of gold and its warehouses overstocked with commodities. Saracoglu added that such accumulation of wealth and security was the best guarantee of Turkey's sovereignty. Melodramatically he said, "We want to be Turks, we want Turkey for the Turks, and we shall do everything to be a little more Turkish every day." His statement was the climax of an official campaign of plunder that had ravaged the minorities living in European Turkey.

IN DECEMBER, 1942, the Turkish government enacted a new taxation law called *"varliki virgisi."* Under the pretense of a capital levy designed to check war-profiteering, it was actually a gross attempt to squeeze the non-Moslem minorities. While no Turks were molested, the Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Yugoslavs and Levantines engaged in retail trade were assessed in such a manner that within a few weeks three-fourths of all retail businesses were compelled to close down. As soon as a shop closed its doors, the police ordered an auction. I heard that these public sales were a farce, and decided to investigate. Together with Derek Patmore of the London *News Chronicle*, Arthur Salter of the London *Daily Express*, Roy Melbourne of the American service and other Americans from the OWI, I went around trying to buy some items. We could not. Politely but firmly, the police prevented us from buying a single article. When we raised the point that the sales were supposed to be open to the public, the policemen told us there had been some misunderstanding; the merchandise we wanted to buy, unfortunately, was already sold.

This game was played wherever we went. We observed that during our discussions with the police the auctioneers automatically stopped the bidding, only to start it all over again once we went away. The big idea was to prevent all foreigners from buying stocks in order to open new shops. The government had given instructions that only Turks should be allowed to purchase those goods.

Small retailers whose capital never exceeded 5,000 liras were assessed any sum between 50,000 and 200,000 liras. The teen-aged messengers working at the Londra Hotel where I was staying, whose earnings were about thirty to fifty liras a month, were assessed 500 liras and ordered to pay it within thirty days. Failure to meet the levy meant not only confiscation of whatever property they might have, but also included forced labor in Eastern Anatolia. On my way to Ankara I had seen these luckless ones at Erzurum. They arrived in filthy freight cars, herded like cattle. I saw them being lined up in chain gangs under the surveillance of military guards. They were kept in the open the whole day and, despite a merciless snowstorm, were given no meal but a lukewarm beverage at noon. Later in the evening they were marched down the snowy road toward the concentration camps which had been hastily erected to house them. These "prisoners," whose guilt was inability to pay a levy assessed at no less than ten times their invested capital, were used to clean the snow from

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roads the army wanted to utilize for its scheduled maneuvers around Erzurum. Others were employed in building defenses and military roads. That was happening in "neutral" Turkey.

Were our authorities aware of it? Yes, they were. The British military attache in Istanbul, Captain Cribbs, told me they knew conditions were in some cases worse than in Nazi concentration camps. He apologized for not demanding some humanitarian action by informing me that the Turkish government strongly resented any interference in local matters. Any complaint, the British Intelligence officer said, would be used by the Turks as another pretext for helping the Germans.

Dr. Franco, one of the outstanding lawyers in Istanbul, assumed the defense of the Jews. On the basis of the daily lists published in the newspapers, he proved that only two percent among the individuals affected by the levy on capital were Turks. On the rare occasions when a Turk was assessed—mostly members of the professional class and the opposition—it was always within reasonable limits of his income or capital. On the other hand, all non-Moslems were taxed beyond their capacity to pay, a practice tantamount to confiscation. This made it clear, Dr. Franco said, that the Turkish government was only interested in despoiling the defenseless minorities for political purposes. In retaliation for his daring attacks, Dr. Franco found himself assessed several hundred thousand liras. Unable to pay it, he was sent with the rest to clean up the roads of Eastern Anatolia.

I ENTERED Turkey through its Eastern backdoor, in a creaking one-wagon train that runs across the no man's land separating Leninakan and Kars. Just across the Turkish border the train came to a halt and a swarm of frontier guards invaded it. They were dressed in all sorts of foreign uniforms and they wore French, British and German helmets. The sergeant in charge approached me, demanding to see my papers. Unfortunately, he was nearly illiterate and could not understand my credentials which, to make

General Evans F. Carlson

EVANS CARLSON came to New York early last fall. He had been desperately ill in California but he had recovered sufficiently to undertake the long, slow motor trip east. When he arrived we were worried by the way he looked. His lean, high-boned New England face was drawn. He had suffered not only from physical illness; he was also deeply troubled as to whether he would be well enough to give his full strength to the fight against reaction.

I remember keenly the things that bothered him. As he travelled east, with his wife and son, he had made it a point to talk with everyone he could along the way. He wanted to know how they sized things up. It was a little over a year since V-J Day and the congressional elections were about to be held. Yet in that short space the policies of the government had changed sharply. In particular, Carlson sought out opinion on policy toward China and how people felt toward the bipartisan approach of shoring up the Chiang Kai-shek regime with money and armed forces and pressing that regime on the Chinese people. He found in his talks with people that they were confused and disturbed over this government's attitude. He found, too, that people did not have the facts and that they were being made to hate their wartime allies.

That was the way Carlson worked and that was the way he learned what the score was. He chased down every major problem that confronted him and found most of the answers. I remember hearing him talk about his early experiences as a Marine in Nicaragua. There he had first glimpsed the value and techniques of guerrilla warfare based on the needs of the people. Much later, as an observer with the famous Communist-led Eight Route Army of China, his understanding reached full maturity. And, when the war against fascism finally involved the United States, Colonel (later Brigadier General) Carlson put these lessons into practice with his heroic Raiders.

But even before the outbreak of war Carlson had begun to apply to the country's domestic scene what he had learned about democracy and imperialism and fascism. Early in 1939 he resigned from the Marine Corps in order to do what he could to arouse public opinion against the official appeasement of Japan and in favor of giving real assistance to China. He was convinced that in this way the awful war that he saw coming could be averted. Those of us who got to know him during that period and who worked with him realized that here in the making was a great democratic leader.

When the war ended, Carlson, despite his failing energies, continued to give everything to the cause of democracy. He spoke at large meetings, he wrote innumerable letters of counsel and encouragement to his numerous friends, he accepted the chairmanship of the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, the co-chairmanship of the Win the Peace Movement, a vice-chairmanship in PCA. Even after he was finally persuaded by his wife and friends to rest, his leadership made itself felt. People stopped off to visit him at his out-of-the-way cabin in Oregon. Henry Wallace visited him two days before he was finally stricken and after the visit Wallace remarked that Carlson was subjecting himself to too great a strain by his interest in world currents.

Evans Carlson died at a time when we Americans need a man of his caliber. He was a figure close to the people. But on the threshold of historic work Carlson's rigorous life and his wounds caught up with him. I knew him well and I never encountered a man of such simplicity, such humility, and such profound human understanding. Nor have I known anyone so fitted to give leadership in the job that must be done in this country. We have lost a great American, whose memory can only be honored by carrying on the beliefs he so magnificently expressed by his life.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

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things worse, were written mostly in French, with only very little Turkish. He wanted to take my passport away, but we finally compromised by letting him take my luggage as a safeguard. I was coming from the Soviet Union and any newcomer from this direction arouses the deepest suspicion. It was March, 1943. Relentlessly the Soviet offensive was pushing the Nazis back to Berlin. Instead of making the Turks happy, this success was so distressing that the Turkish General Staff was thrown into a state of jitters.

I learned afterward they were expecting a "Red attack" from Leninakan, of all places. Leninakan was as dead as a Sunday in Scotland. Arriving from Manchuria, where I had observed on the Russo-Japanese border a powerful concentration of Soviet troops and heavy equipment, I was rather surprised to find no Soviet soldiers on my route from Erivan to Leninakan. Coming into Chita, in Siberia, I heard planes buzzing in the air all along the way, night and day. But on the Soviet-Turkish border I met only solitary outposts, with no Soviet planes, guns or tanks.

The Turkish side, however, was feverish with military activity. On the short run to Kars our train was stopped five times to let on new groups of soldiers, who made it so overcrowded that the atmosphere was soon stifling. Five times, too, new guards and officers came asking for my papers, demanding to know who I was and where I was going. We arrived at Kars in time to see a military train pulling in from Erzurum. While waiting for the local commander to okay my stay in Kars, I watched soldiers moving 75's and taking down heavy machineguns and mortars.

The movement of artillery woke me early the next morning. Turkish troops started to pass under my balcony—horse-drawn artillery, cavalry and countless companies on foot which disappeared beyond the railway line into the snowy horizon. For five days I saw them passing back and forth. Unable to leave for Erzurum because the army was using the narrow-gauge line leading there from Kars, I had no other way to pass the time than to drink coffee and to watch the troop movements. They crossed the town, passing through the ruins of the once prosperous Armenian section of Kars. The stone walls were a bare testimony to the brutality of the Turkish armies which, as an aftermath to World War I, sacked the Armenian towns in one of the most tremendous butcheries of this century.

Fortunately, my boredom was relieved on the second day by an unexpected visitor. Commander Vassil Coubadinov, member of the Bulgarian General Staff and the military attache in Moscow, was on his way to Sophia on leave. He also was compelled to stay at Kars waiting for the army to release the railway line, so we could continue our trip to Ankara. It was he who, with expert eyes, discovered the German origin of the Turkish military equipment. Much to my amazement, Commander Coubadinov told me it was the same kind of equipment he had recently seen captured from the Nazi troops defeated at the Moscow front. We traveled together to the capital, an opportunity I turned to advantage by having him talk with as many Turks as we could corner during the long and tedious trip. It seemed they dreaded a "Russian attack."

I wanted to know what they thought about the possibility of a Nazi attack from the West. Were they not aware of the fact that crack Nazi divisions were in Bulgaria waiting for von Papen's signal to strike? Yes, they had heard something about it, though they thought it must be only propaganda. Doubtful, they either shrugged their shoulders or shook their heads. But they were positive that the Soviet Union had massed its best troops on the Turkish border. Two weeks later I received a letter from another Bulgarian companion, who was by no means a "fellow traveler." "I wish you could have seen," he wrote, "Adrianople, on our frontier, where, in spite of diligent efforts, I failed to detect the presence of Turkish troops. Do you remember the many thousands we saw at Kars and Erzurum?"

From now on it will be America's duty to protect Turkey, encouraging the Turks' rabid anti-Russian complex. Mr. Truman says that democracy is in danger in the Near East—maybe democracy *a la* Ottoman. We have come a long way from the not-so-distant days when nearly everyone seemed happy to bring to an end one of the most successful cases of rapine the world has ever seen. With our support, the Turks will think again of invading Russian territory, demanding the reincorporation into Turkey of the golden slice of the Soviet Union in Transcaucasia. Under the pretense of defending democracy, we are lending support to a clique of politicians and generals who, for the past eight years, have kept in the army all able-bodied Turks. While the industrialization of Turkey and the planned electrification and development of mining visualized by Kemal Ataturk have been stopped altogether, since 1939 this clique has swelled the public debt in a spectacular manner through loans necessary to keep 800,000 men under arms. Millions have been spent not in improving the lot of the peasants or giving satisfaction to the rebelling Kurd tribes who live in most primitive conditions, but to build defenses and military roads.

Now under the Truman Doctrine millions of dollars will be poured in, but not to stabilize Turkey's economy and make it really productive, nor to raise the standard of living of a population reduced to misery, victims of an inflation forced by huge military expenditures. Americans are to defend democracy in a country where no opposition was allowed in the parliament at the time Roosevelt, Churchill and Inonu met at Cairo, where whoever disagreed with the ruling cabal was beaten and forced out of public life. Russian "totalitarianism" is to be combatted in a country where the opposition is growing tired of voicing its demand for fulfillment of the democratic rights guaranteed by its constitution. To uphold a Turkish government whose police officials are entitled to close newspapers and hold journalists for months in jail, without allowing them legal protection, seems in accord with the new Washington definition of "democracy."

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WHAT DO KIDS READ?

Once they were led to believe their elders knew the answers to everything. Today they are looking for the answers themselves.

By JAY WILLIAMS

LITERATURE, like everything else in America, is an industry. For this very reason, a sort of twisted blessing is conferred upon adolescent and pre-adolescent youth. The budgets of juvenile editors in most publishing houses are rigidly controlled and often very small, and as a result these editors are forced to be much more highly selective than their colleagues in other departments. A much smaller percentage of tripe, comparatively speaking, emerges from the juvenile departments each year, and from the typewriters of those who commit themselves to this ill-paying but spiritually rewarding field.

Let me make it plain that in this article I cannot attempt to cover the whole area of juvenile literature. It is with writing for the twelve to fifteen age group that I am chiefly concerned. For the still younger audience you have dozens of hastily-dashed-off stories which are carbon copies of each other: a whole regiment of *Little Trains, Tiny Derricks, Diminutive Riveters,* side by side with the legion of anthropomorphic animals which, in all probability, not even the advent of socialism will bring to a halt. In addition, for somewhat older children, there is a host of dreamy stories, the confections of authors like Thurber and Maxwell and E. B. White, which lack the guts of the good old-fashioned Grimm tales but supply any amount of Victorian charm.

The older youngsters, those who resent being called "boys and girls" but who are not yet "ladies and gentlemen," are the despair of librarians. They are the awkward ones, torn between the comic strips and the classics, the detective novels of their seniors and the private yearnings of their own age. The problem is to fit them with books that will be artistically sound, interesting, stimulating and truthful without being patronizing.

The literature which feeds these youngsters their ideology and patterns of thinking is universally disregarded by literary and critical organs. It is, at best, sketchily reviewed in the daily press, where lack of space is the excuse (and small volume of advertising is the reason). More dismal is the fact that it is usually completely ignored in the publications of the liberal and progressive movement. Much space is devoted to the problems and creations of writers in general, but of this space the tiniest fraction is given to the writers who are, presumably, shaping the men and women of the future. It therefore follows that the first obstacle a writer for juveniles must cope with is that of obscurity and neglect. He must rest content with formulating his own esthetic, unaided by any body of competent literary critics; he must depend, for his judgment, on the somewhat one-sided view of educators and librarians. Sales alone cannot provide him with a standard; if they could, *Pollyanna* might be considered a model of junior literature.

ONCE the writer has hurdled this fence and resigned himself to his fate, he comes face to face with a strange audience, at once flexible and rigid in its tastes, inarticulate only because it has no outlet for expression, bound very sternly by the censorship of a world over which it has no control, and subject to tremendous limitations. It is a revealing thing that, for many years, awards such as the Newbery Prize Medal and the Caldecott Award were given for outstanding books for young people but that no one ventured to find out what the audience itself thought of the work that was so carefully chosen for it.

In 1944 a survey* was published by Marie Rankin of Teacher's College, New York, in which the reading tastes of young people were investigated. This survey made no attempt to be all-conclusive. It did perform the noteworthy task of comparing eighteen Newbery prize-winners with the most popular books in juvenile libraries, thus revealing the fascinating circumstance that only the very smallest percentage of readers liked the Newbery books, in spite of the fact that these received the largest publicity and the greatest attention from the librarians. By far the most popular book in libraries surveyed was *Sue Barton, Senior Nurse,* by Helen Dore Boylston. Only one Newbery Medal book—*Caddie Woodlawn,* by Carol Ryrie Brink, was among the popular titles. In general, highest on the list of popular books for girls were career stories. Boys seemed to prefer rousing adventure and sport stories. Both groups liked stories of dogs and mysteries, and both, as you might imagine, preferred stories about young people of approximately their own age in situations recognizable to them. It may be inferred that the Newbery books did not fit this pattern.

To a certain extent this is because young people do not as a rule fall in love with stories dealing with strange and unfamiliar people or circumstances: they are dubious about historical tales or stories of foreign lands. But to a large degree it is because their taste, governed by movies and radio and the tempo of modern life, is rather sophisticated.

I would like to quote from one of the Newbery books:

> "Let me say this, 'Whatever we think and feel will colour what we say or do. He who fears, even unconsciously, or has his least little dream tainted with hate, will inevitably, sooner or later, translate these qualities into his action. Therefore, my brothers, live courage, breathe courage and give courage. Think and feel love so that you will be able to pour out of yourself peace and serenity as a flower gives forth fragrance. Peace be unto us all.'"*

* CHILDREN'S INTERESTS IN LIBRARY BOOKS OF FICTION, *by Marie Rankin. Teacher's College,* 1944.

* GAY NECK, *by D. G. Mukerji.*

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It is true this book is twenty years old. It is also true that in the last three or four years the Newbery books don't sound like that: their quality has improved greatly, although their popularity has not kept pace. I would venture to say that although their tone has changed, their philosophy remains the same. The fact is, many writers for juveniles hopelessly underrate their audience. In their zeal for reforming the mentality of young readers they purvey over-written, gaudily philosophical sugar-plums as sound wisdom; they outfit fatuity to look appetizing in the hopeless belief that youngsters will not realize how dull they are; they pedanticize (if I may tailor a word to fit) instead of educating. Since most of the great juvenile classics are fantasies or near-fantasies (*Alice in Wonderland, Wind in the Willows, Robinson Crusoe*) they imagine that fantasy is the only province of the juvenile writer, and so whimsy blends in their writings with a generous proportion of kindly condescension.

Modern young people are stern realists, for the most part; their fantasy is often restrained within the bounds of the plausible. Those books which offer them the best possibility for placing themselves in the role of the main characters are likely to appeal to them, but by and large their desires are bound up with the society in which they find themselves. It is a fact that they think of themselves as adults — or, perhaps, in rivalry with adults. The most widely-read books are those which are almost indistinguishable from adult fiction: *My Friend Flicka, Freckles,* dog stories like *Lassie* or *Silver Chief,* the innumerable books about student nurses, girl reporters, boy soldiers, boy explorers.

Thus the progressive writers' central problem is that of portraying the true picture of the modern world for young people. That the juvenile audience accepts and admires the truth is evident in its tastes: a book like *Sue Barton, Senior Nurse* may not be great literature but it is certainly a fairly honest picture of the society in which the average girl grows up, it presents a possible career without glossing over its obstacles, and in addition it allows the reader to place herself in circumstances outside the orbit of her own life.

More and more often is this tendency reflected in the best of juvenile literature: that is, the tendency to present clear and honest pictures of the junior world. (And if this be propaganda let us solemnly remember Kipling, whose trumpetings of imperial England are to be found on every children's library shelf.) Outstanding in last year's fiction—and, in fact, the recipient of one of the 1945 Book Week awards—was *The Moved-Outers* by Florence Crannel Means, a story about a Japanese-American family in a wartime detention camp. (It was almost a full year, as a matter of fact, before adult fiction caught up with this theme.) There were numerous other examples. Some I can recall off-hand were Jesse Jackson's *Call Me Charlie,* which deals with a Negro schoolboy; Lorraine Beim's touching *Triumph Clear,* about the adjustment of a paralysis victim; Jean Karsavina's exciting *Reunion in Poland*; John Tunis' yarn about democracy in a small town—*A City for Lincoln.*

Ludwig.

FIFTY years ago, or thereabouts, young people were brought up to believe that their elders knew the answers to everything, that a child was the property of his parents and that he must submit in everything to the parental authority. The great era of capitalist expansion was in full flower at the same time: America was the golden land of opportunity, of Horatio Alger's young heroes, the *Elsie* books, the *Little Colonel,* and eventually of *Penrod,* the youthful Babbitt (the antithesis of Huck Finn, as it were). The land was the almost undisputed property of its masters, the building monopolists, and the peerage of imperialism stood up and stretched. Today a vigorous, progressive working class, led by men who have learned hard lessons in strategy and organization, challenges this empire as never before. A war against fascism lies behind us. The very fundamentals of pedagogy have changed; it is no longer possible to conceal the science of history and evolution, and daring souls everywhere are speaking out against the divine right of the capitalist oligarchy. It is inevitable that this tendency should find soil in juvenile literature. It is no accident that many of the writers for young people are active in progressive organizations, or in the Author's Guild. Their convictions are inseparable from their work, and that young people like these convictions is shown beyond doubt by the popularity of the work.

To speak more concretely, the juvenile writer need not be lured so readily into the trap of escapism. He may deal in realistic terms with the problems of modern living as perhaps no other writer may who is subject to the market terms of literature. There are some limitations. One of these is language. I do not mean that the juvenile writer must avoid long words; on the contrary, even the slightest suspicion that a writer is deliberately simplifying his work for a youthful audience will make that audience reject him. But the use of obscenity, which is inseparable from a correct and intelligent portrayal of modern speech, must be modified—not, happily, because the audience will be damaged by it, but because the adult purchasers will be frightened.

For a different reason complex sexual problems ought to be avoided. This does not mean that complex *human* problems should be skirted—most of the good junior books plunge boldly into a discussion of such problems—but they must be dealt with on the terms of pre-adolescent youth. These young people have not yet met with the innumerable subtle involvements of sexual affairs, and for this reason they are not able to comprehend them or enjoy reading about them. I emphasize "for this reason only": some moralists feel that all mention of sex should be kept from youngsters because it would disturb their clean little minds. This is manifestly as ridiculously as to ask them to believe in Peter Pan.

It is good sense to choose characters pretty much in the age group—or better, just above the age group—for which one is writing. I have personally found that books written for fourteen-

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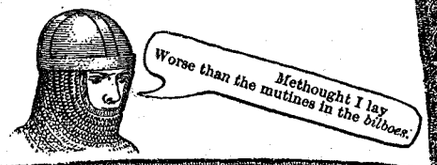
ON SAFARI with HARARI — WHO'S WHAT

bilbo[2] (bil′bō), *n.*; pl. *bilboes* or *-bos* (-bōz). [Early mod. E. also *bilbow*, *bilboe*, usually in pl.; prob. so named, like *bilbo*[1], from *Bilbao* in Spain; but direct evidence is lacking.] A

Bilboes, from the Tower of London.

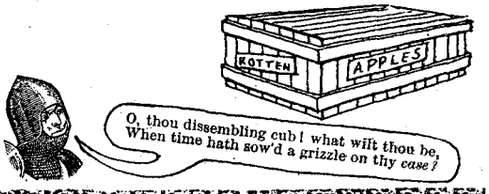
long bar or bolt of iron having sliding shackles and a lock, formerly used to confine the feet of prisoners or offenders, especially on board ship: usually in the plural.



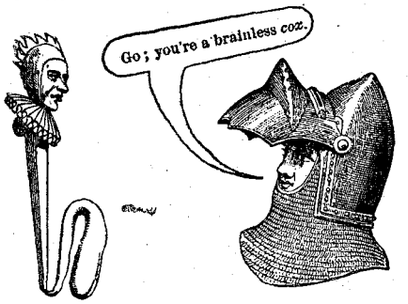
taft (taft), *n.* [See *taft*, *v.*] In *plumbing*, that modification of the end of a lead pipe by which it is turned sharply outward into a broad flat rim.

hearse[1] (hėrs), *v. t.*; pret. and pp. *hearsed*, ppr. *hearsing*. [< *hearse*[1], *n.*] To put on or in a hearse.

case-hardened (kās′härʹdnd), *p. a.* Figuratively, not sensitive; having no sense of shame; indifferent to reproof or dishonor.



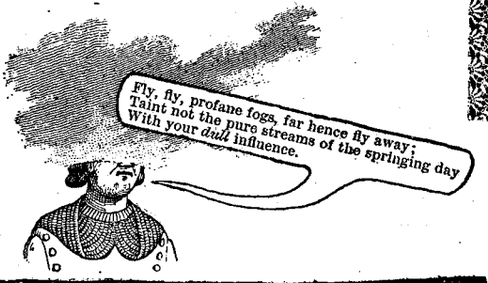
cox† (koks), *n.* [Abbrev. from *coxcomb*.] A coxcomb.



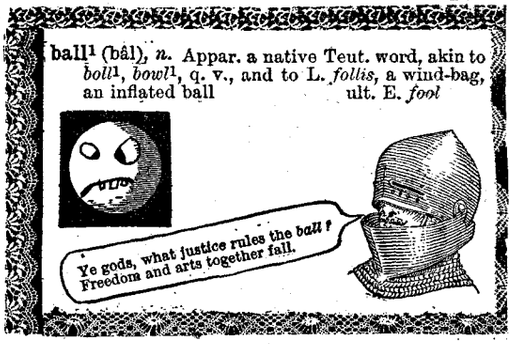
bird[1] (bėrd), *v. i.* [< *bird*[1], *n.*] 2†. To look for plunder; thieve.

martin[2] (mär′tin), *n.* 2†. An ape.

dull[1] (dul), *v.* [= E. dial. *dill*; < ME. *dullen*, *dyllen*, *dillen*, make dull; < *dull*[1], *a.*] 1. To make dull, stupid, heavy, insensible, etc.; lessen the vigor, activity, or sensitiveness of; render inanimate; damp: as, to *dull* the wits; to *dull* the senses.

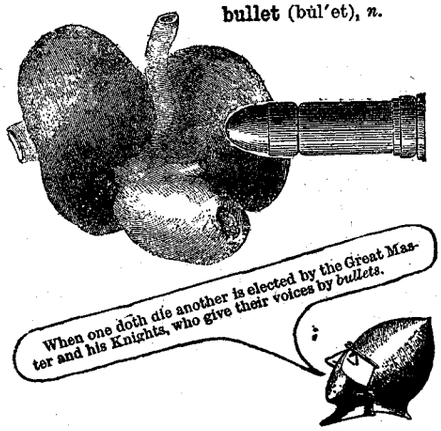


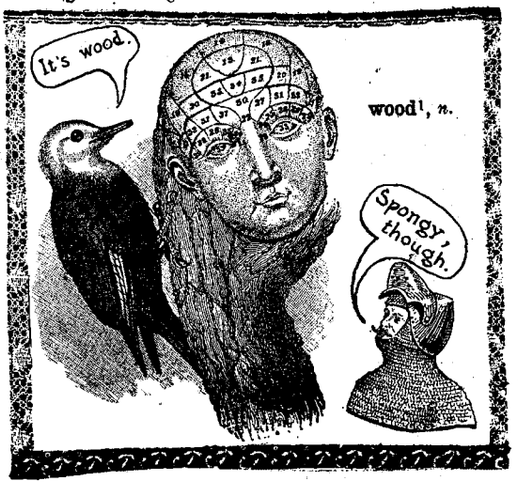
ball[1] (bâl), *n.* Appar. a native Teut. word, akin to *boll*[1], *bowl*[1], q. v., and to L. *follis*, a wind-bag, an inflated ball ult. E. *fool*



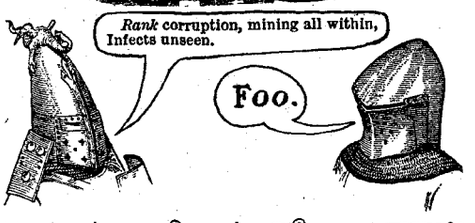
rank[1] (rangk), *a.* [< ME. *rank*, *ranc*, *ronk*, *raunk*, *renk*, Coarse or gross morally; offensive to the mind; obscene; indecent; foul.

bullet (bůl′et), *n.*





wood[1], *n.*



APOLOGIES TO GOOD GUYS AND GALS AND CREATURES OF SIMILAR NOMENCLATURE . .

Harari

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year-olds, in which the hero is a sixteen-year-old, are generally read with relish by twelve-year-olds.

Young people are commonly dogmatic in their likes and dislikes. Given half the chance they can express themselves vigorously. Here is a quotation from a review of a juvenile book. The review was written by a girl of thirteen: "*The characters are for the most part alive* and play their good and evil parts very well, but I think more should be made of Martin, the hero [a boy of sixteen]. . . . The way chapters are often arranged, whereby *one ends with suspenseful excitement and the next begins with quite a different side of the story,* holds your interest." (Italics mine—J.W.) This girl was above average in maturity of expression; it will be seen at once how much living characters affect her, and also how much she, like most other young people, is subject to the love of suspense so thoroughly exploited by the radio, the movies and the comic strips. This is not necessarily an unhealthy thing: violence and drama are inseparable from a child's view of the world. Concerning the same hero, a boy of twelve said, with great penetration, "You don't know Martin has changed until the end of the book. . . . you ought to see him becoming older and more responsible instead of someone just telling you." Another boy of the same age said, "I liked this book because it had action in it. I liked it because of the [military] strategy. . . . It was exciting throughout the book. *It had some humor but not much.* (The author had been flattering himself on the broadness of his humor!) The characters were very vivid." (Italics mine—J.W.) These two latter commentators are representative. And it is apparent, from the quality of their judgment, that they are keenly observant and that their standards are both high and definite.

THIS fact was recognized in the Soviet Union where, according to the poet Marshak, "The founding of the State Publishing House for Juvenile Literature was preceded by a very unusual questionnaire. Maxim Gorky . . . appealed to children of the whole country through the medium of the newspapers with the question: which books did they know and love, and what kind of new books did they look for from writers? The thousands of replies . . . were written on scraps of ruled or squared paper, on leaves torn out of exercise books, and were sometimes supplemented by a drawing or a diagram. . . . Maxim Gorky replied, 'Now the Children's Publishing House knows what it has to do, and you will soon have some very interesting books. A report was read on your letters at the Writers' Congress.' "* The result was startling. Marshak goes on to say, "In pre-revolutionary Russia books for children came out in printings of three and never more than five thousand copies. . . . Now children's books can be obtained in the most out-of-the-way parts of the country . . . and millions of copies are in demand. I was told by publishers that 25,000 copies of a book would hardly suffice for Gorky Street, in Moscow."

In America our printings of children's books average approximately 5,500,000 copies a year, of all sorts of books for all ages. But it is safe to say we have never, either as pedagogues or writers, appealed to our young people at large for their wishes in the matter of what they want to read. Rather do we tend to appeal to the market, which is governed by adults who choose books for children.

Nevertheless, in all fairness, it must be said that despite certain shortcomings the great majority of librarians and educators is sensitive to the desires of the children. What is most needed is something which can be achieved within the framework of the existing system:

First, that progressive writers of the highest calibre begin writing for young people.

Second, and much more important, that literary critics and progressive publications—whose aims are free from commercialism or opportunism—begin to recognize the value of juvenile writing, so that this body of literature and its creators may at last be accorded the stature and recognition its audience demands. When this is done, it is obvious that the first point will follow naturally. Until this is done left-wing critics have no right to call themselves opponents of chauvinism, for to ignore the young people and their literature is to be guilty of a kind of adult chauvinism as detrimental to our own future as any other kind of discriminatory practice.

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* SOVIET CHILDREN'S BOOKS, *by S. Marshak, in Information Bulletin of the USSR, Dec.* 18, 1945.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: Congressman makes speech of fourteen words.

If this marks the beginning of a trend we may be hearing terse speeches in fifteen words or less.

a. The Hartley bill seeks to kill labor gains while capital reigns.

b. Arms to Greece will increase chances for another war.

c. Kick out Taft, Bricker *et al* then let's get on the Ball.

●

The South would be hard hit by the new brevity. They'd have to start electing tobacco auctioneers. It has already been pointed out that they make as much sense as any Bourbon Senator.

●

A speech in Congress of fourteen words is practically unheard of. A speech any longer is practically unheard.

●

King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia has ordered two elevators with upholstered seats for his palace. At least His Majesty won't get a pain where he gives one.

●

Two Missouri Congressmen have urged that a pension be set up for ex-Presidents. After all, the singing daughter of an ex-President may not make much money.

●

The Un-American Committee accuses Hollywood "Communists" of making pictures glorifying the Soviet Union. Several films even went so far as to portray the Russians as human beings.

●

What's more, some films have glorified the use of violence. There have been several scenes of the Red Army chasing the Nazis.

●

The committee is convinced that Hollywood is a radical place after hearing about "Red" Skelton and the Mad Russian. Any day now the story will break that the entire network is controlled by a member of the Hollywood baseball team secretly known as "Lefty."

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PARIS LETTER

by Claude Morgan

Lilacs are blossoming in all our suburban gardens; and there is a similar flowering of books in the publishing-houses. So it is every year in the spring. It is the final literary offensive of the season.

This year there is a shortage of paper and a slump in the book business. Yet the number of new books appearing is very large. The only difference now is that first printings are much smaller. Aragon is writing an account of the *Bel Canto*, and these pages of criticism about poetry and poets are among his finest. As for novels, there is a veritable deluge of them. Pierre Benoit, exonerated of collaborationist charges, has appeared with a new novel; and Montherlant, who has not been exonerated, has issued an unpublished work. What will the younger writers produce? That is a question we always ask ourselves. The pre-1939 French novel had become curiously stagnant. Too many writers were insensitive to the appeal of the real world and looked only within themselves. Excessive subjectivity and psychological analysis had stripped the novel of its power. So many young disciples of Andre Gide, Paul Valery and Marcel Proust indulged in the sterile play of pure intelligence without seeing that things wither and die when they are cut off from the vital sources of life.

The great winnowing-process of the Resistance movement, imprisonment and concentration camps has had a salutary effect on the French novel. It has brought it back into contact with the vast and complicated world of men. The subtle games of pure intelligence are at an end. Here are flesh and blood actors. No more looking at one's navel in the mirror: these thousands of tragic faces haunt you. There are new themes: reasons for living and dying. What an enrichment! True, some publishers tell you: we've had enough novels about the Resistance and the war, the public doesn't want any more of them. How stupid! Experience shows that they are wrong. A bad novel on the Resistance or the war does not sell. A good one sells very well.

But it is nonetheless true that this broadening of themes is temporary. What will the novelists of tomorrow do? Will they allow themselves once again to be cut off from life? I do not think so, for they have a world to discover. This world ignored by so many French writers (who live in cottonwool and do not take the trouble to explore life around them, as did Balzac and Zola), this slandered world, is the world of labor. It is not a question of telling the story of a strike, but of bringing into literature the great epic of man's labor, of analyzing the mentality of those who produce the wealth of this world. This has not often been done.

On May First I saw the vast army of labor march past the Place de la Concorde. Place de la Concorde! Do you realize what that means? The workers are no longer relegated to their own working-class districts. They hold their gatherings in the very heart of that Paris for whose freedom they have once more fought. On the Place de la Concorde I saw the building-trades workers marching in formation; I saw the railwaymen proudly bearing a life-size portrait of their martyr, Pierre Semard, the Communist leader shot by the Germans. The railroad workers, proud of their handiwork, showed the latest model of a railway coach made in the workshops of the *Societe Nationale des Chemins de Fer*. It was mounted on wheels and drawn by a tractor. I saw the miners singing the *Marseillaise* as they marched past Maurice Thorez; and that meant they had answered his appeal to produce more and keep on producing more, as he had asked them. Thanks to their daily heroism, our nationalized mines in the North are now working at 138 percent of 1938 production levels. I saw the workers of the Renault Automobile Plant and the metal-workers of the Greater Paris region—these men belong to a working class conscious of its future.

This May First too I saw young people parade by the tens of thousands. Not young people trained to march the goosestep and raise their arms in a fascist salute, but young people marching freely toward life, ready to assume their responsibilities as adult human beings. As I watched them, I felt that France was still alive and would live on. And I felt that no government could accomplish anything in this country without the support of the working class.

Nevertheless, on the very next day, the party of the working class, the Communist Party, was expelled from the government by decree. This decree weakens only those who instigated it. Though France suffers temporarily by losing those who were the best "doers" in the government, the Communist Party gains thereby in prestige.

A proof of this was the tremendous audience that flocked to the lecture given at the Sorbonne under the auspices of the magazine *Lettres Francaises*. The lecturer was Roger Garaudy, member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, philosopher, novelist, critic and deputy in the National Assembly. Garaudy's subject was: The Literature of the Gravediggers. Analyzing the works of Mauriac, Sartre, Malraux and Koestler, he showed that what drives certain writers to despair or hatred is the feeling they have that a new world is in the process of formation, a world to which they will not belong.

They are doomed because they have turned against the joy of living. A world will inexorably rise up without them, against them. To be sure, no common standard can be applied to an Arthur Koestler, who is nothing but an agent of anti-Communist propaganda, and a Mauriac, whose greatness lies in the fact that at certain moments—particularly at the time of Guernica and during the Resistance movement—he said "no" to his world, though he has not had the strength to say "no" to the very end. It is no less true, however, that both men are imbued with the same despair.

In a very brilliant analysis, Garaudy showed how Koestler, in his *Darkness at Noon*, falsified and distorted the true meaning of the final confession of the Soviet traitor Bukharin, whom he had taken as his model. Having dealt with Koestler, Garaudy then proceeded to define the humanism of the Communists. The great number of university students who attended this Sorbonne lecture gave Garaudy an unprecedented ovation.

Events in the parliament and the return of General de Gaulle to active political life must not make you think that France has changed. They simply signify that opposition between the contending forces is now more clearly defined: the conflict has become sharper and we must expect bitter struggles ahead.

(*Translated by John Rossi.*)

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MARZANI MADE A MOVIE

Was his trial a preview of Truman's "loyalty" probe of all government employes?

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

IT WAS late in the afternoon, a bright May afternoon. The small courtroom of Justice Richmond B. Keech had emptied itself, save for a tiny group around the big but fast-moving figure of Charlie Ford, attorney for Carl Marzani. I watched Ford fasten his briefcase and then carefully lift another case, a flat, metallic affair, and move out toward the exit, carrying both.

"Look at that battery of legal talent from Justice and State Kelley's got with him," he muttered, as we stepped into the sunlight and saw the retreating figures of six or eight men who clustered around the prosecutor.

"What is that you are carrying, Mr. Ford?" I asked.

"That?" He levelled a hostile look at the back of the cadaverous Mr. Kelley, the government prosecutor. "That's the thing which would have won over everyone on that jury if they'd let me show it." And Ford, a criminal lawyer and a restrained man when he is not summing up before a jury, nevertheless let out a sort of groan. "It's the film my client made, and it's terrific. I tried to show it as evidence, but the judge wouldn't let me. That's why they've got him on trial, and the jury would know it."

The film, written and produced by Carl Aldo Marzani for the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO, was *Deadline for Action.*

It was not only the film which was kept from the jury. Again and again on the day Marzani testified, and on the previous day when defense witnesses were on the stand, the court ruled out a line of questioning which would have shown the defendant's philosophy of life and what his activities were during the years he was called a Communist.

Testifying about the circumstances under which he met Louis Harper, one of the three Negro witnesses on whom the government depended to prove its contention that Marzani, a former State Department employe, had been a member of the Communist Party, Marzani recalled that it was in his home, where a group was discussing the beating up of two Negroes on New York's East Side. At this Justice Keech winced, shook his head and declared, "I am not interested in that," and motioned counsel to the bench.

"That is the reason the defendant happened to remember—" Ford began.

"Yes, it could have other purposes, too," snapped the judge. A huddle of lawyers and judge ensued, after which a discreet question about a vague "discussion" was allowed.

When Marzani attempted to tell what the East Side Council to Defend America and Crush Hitler, of which he was executive secretary, had done, the court didn't want the details. Yet the government was allowed to ask questions of a political nature, such as whether a certain pamphlet was written before or after June 22, 1941,

the invasion of the Soviet Union. The government's star witness was allowed to testify about a meeting on conscription although the defendant was not there and although the witness could not understand the speaker, as the speech was in Italian.

Marzani, on the other hand, was stopped short when he tried to tell why his father came to America. He had testified that he himself was born in Rome in 1912, and, with his sister and mother, "arrived here on Labor Day, 1924." His father had preceded them by eleven months and settled in Peckville, Pennsylvania, a little coal-mining town. Ford asked him how his father happened to come here. "My father was in the government service in Italy," said Marzani. "When Mussolini came to power there was a good deal of violence and bloodshed which my father didn't like—"

But the government and the court didn't like that, either, and an objection was sustained.

In his opening statement Defense Counsel Ford had told the jury of nine Negro and three white men and women that he would show that "none of these activities of his [Marzani's] have ever been for the Communist Party," but for "human beings of any race, color or creed." He had declared that "all of his writings, which affect his very life . . . were not Communist activities, but they were all writings for his fellow men of any nationality, creed or race." But when Marzani attempted to tell of his experience in Spain, where he had gone to get material for writing during the Civil War, the court declared itself not interested in the "war against Franco."

Most particularly was the court sensitive about any testimony which might show sympathy with Negroes. Never before in the history of the District of Columbia, Ford said after the trial, has a jury been chosen with such a predominance of colored members. How it happened that so many Negroes were called among the first in the venire, I do not know. Obviously the government was not averse to a largely Negro jury, and I think it fair to assume that a chauvinistic concept common in the South was at play: namely, the theory that a predominantly white

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jury would not find a white man guilty on the testimony of three Negro witnesses. At the same time, and I have Ford's word for this, the defense had no objection to a largely colored jury but considered on the contrary that Negroes generally had an aversion to stool-pigeons, white or colored, and being persecuted themselves, would be fair to the defendant. Ford acted on only six of the ten peremptory challenges he was allowed.

"I NEVER thought I'd be covering a political trial in America," one reporter said to me. "I'm more conservative than the average reporter, but I wish I didn't have to cover this."

Of course it was a political trial, but based on hypocrisy and deceit and doubletalk on the part of the government, so that in name it seemed as though it were not a political trial at all.

Technically the charge was violation of a statute which forbids false or fraudulent statements to the government or government agencies on matters within the government's jurisdiction. The eleven counts, on all of which the defendant was found guilty, were based on various conversations with FBI agents, Civil Service Commission agents and State Department superiors.

"If Marzani had been asked if he had been a Republican," I inquired of Atty. Allen Rosenberg, who assisted Ford in the case, "and he said no, and the government thought it had evidence he had been a Republican at some time, conceivably could it bring the same charge of making false statements against him?"

"Yes," said the attorney, "except that under the Civil Service Act just such questioning of prospective or temporary employes is forbidden. It is on just this ground that we asked for a dismissal early in the trial, claiming that under the Act any questioning as to political affiliation was barred."

I went to John M. Kelley, Jr., the thin-lipped assistant attorney-general, whose eyes, deep in their sockets, seemed to burn with new suspicion at the sound of the name NEW MASSES.

"I realize your interest," he said darkly. "But you are free to ask me questions, just like anyone else."

I hope I looked my gratitude. "If you win," I said, "what will you accomplish? The Communist Party still will be a legal party, will it not?"

"This has nothing to do with the Communist Party," he rumbled, in that deep, sepulchral voice which had taken on such an ominous tone when he had thundered at a former chief of Marzani's who testified in his defense, "and did you or did you not invite the defendant to dinner in your home while his application was pending?" (When Defense Atty. Ford wanted to know who cared, in effect, even the judge shrugged and admitted, "the court wouldn't care if he had.")

The court so instructed the jury—that the Communist Party was not on trial, and the defendant was not charged with being a Communist. The sole issue was whether he had told the truth or lied to government agents.

Thus the government can pose virtuously as not conducting a political trial and not indulging in a witch-hunt. It can do this because many facts are not understood by the public.

In the first place, there is not only nothing illegal about membership in the Communist Party, but there is no law which says that a Communist cannot hold government office.

The only authority on which the FBI agents questioned Marzani and the other scores and hundreds of liberals and progressives in government rests in their being called upon by another government agency to question employes or prospective employes as to character and fitness. As Marzani testified, "I never made any secret of my beliefs, that I was pro-labor and anti-fascist." He never concealed, for instance, that he had signed a petition urging that a Communist candidate, Earl Browder, be placed on the ballot for Congressman, although he voted as an American Labor Party member. Nevertheless, although this was not mentioned in the indictment, and it was not claimed he had made any false statement on it, it was introduced in evidence with fanfare. He did deny he had been or was a member of the Communist Party, and this he maintained.

MARZANI is not the first victim of the witch-hunt which now, under the President's Executive Order 9835, officially assumes that all the two million government workers are "disloyal" until proven innocent. But he is the first to be tried and, due to the extensiveness of the hounding by the FBI and Civil Service and the number of times he had been asked the same questions, he was arraigned and convicted on eleven counts which carry a possible 110 years in prison and $110,000 fine. Many of the victims have sickened of the hounding and quietly slipped away, out of government service and Washington. At present the hunt continues in unprecedented intensity. The terror is on. Ordinarily sane and rational government employes now jump when their doorbells ring at night, or look over their shoulder when they buy *PM* and wrap it up in a copy of the New York *Times*. Washington is rife with reports of FBI visits to homes in the middle of the night, of the separation of husband and wife while one group of agents questions one and another, the other. Homes are searched without warrants, private lives spied upon, according to reports.

Marzani could have done as many other government workers have done, after contributing valued services during the war years, and quit when the questioning of his "loyalty" was resumed after his return from Europe, where he served with the Office of Strategic Services. As a matter of fact he finally did quit, although only after his superior in the State Department had assured him he would not be fired. As the defense showed, his record was altered; the word "resignation" was marked out, and the word "removed" substituted in ink. I asked Ford how Marzani was "fired" without a hearing—for the Civil Service Review Board long since had cleared him. He said Marzani was fired under the McCarran rider, one of the most undemocratic laws on the statute books. This rider to an appropriation bill adopted in the last days of the 79th Congress permits the Secretary of State to fire summarily any employe on any grounds whatsoever. The War and Navy Departments operate under similar provisions. It has not been revealed how many employes have been so dismissed without any hearings, any statement of charges or any accusations being made.

It can be assumed that the sole purpose of the indictment and trial of Marzani is the government's desire to intimidate government workers and in general soften up the public for an attempt to outlaw the Communist Party—and of course satisfy a Republican Congress that the Truman Doctrine will be put into effect at home as well as abroad.

But two defense witnesses showed that all government workers don't intimidate easily. The most dramatic, and most unreported, incident of the trial was the testimony in Marzani's behalf

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of two young Negro employes of the State Department. Their testimony was brief and undramatic. But when the beautiful clerk-stenographer, Mrs. Cecelia Bowles, and later the young photographer, James Stephen Wright, faced that courtroom bristling with State Department lawyers and personnel, and quietly spoke the truth in answer to Ford's few questions, it was sensational. Even Prosecutor Kelley dropped his inquisitorial manner, asked the girl a few questions in a slightly dazed fashion, and waived cross-examination of the young man.

They were among a long line of impressive character witnesses who included a former brigadier general and chief of Marzani's, a playwright, a Williams college professor who had hired him when he was with the government in 1942, a former New York councilman and two white State Department employes.

As a study in how the Truman Executive Order 9835, screening all government employes, will work, it is interesting to examine the government's case against Marzani. It was one of circumstantial evidence. Only excerpts from the transcripts of the FBI and Civil Service questioning of the defendant were introduced in evidence. These questions and answers form the basis for all eleven counts but two. All nine would be invalidated if the judge had ruled that the statute of limitations applied. But he ruled that a change in the law, provided for war contracts, applied to the wartime employe, Marzani.

For its "evidence" that Marzani "lied" when he told the agents, and later, State Department superiors, that he was not a member of the Communist Party (three counts), that he never used the name "Tony Whales" (three counts), and so on, the government depended solely on three witnesses. One of these was George Hewitt, who was expelled from the Communist Party in New York State in 1945. Another was Louis Harper, the only one Marzani had ever seen before the trial opened, he said. He described Harper as "a good friend of mine," and told how on Harper's invitation he had gone with him to address a meeting on housing—but it was a meeting of the National Negro Congress, held in a church, and not a Communist meeting, he said.

The government's star witness was Archer Drew, a New York cop. Kelley told the jury, "The issue is clean-cut. Either Marzani lies or Drew lies." Drew testified that after a month in uniform he was made an undercover agent, and in 1940 "I was assigned to join the Communist Party in Harlem." His attempts produced "no results at all," and he had to go to Union Square, where, "through conversations and more fraternizing" he made a contact, was taken to an office to sign a Party card, and, as luck would have it, promptly was introduced to Tony Whales, who he said was Marzani.

Defense Attorney Ford asked to look at Drew's police reports, told the judge they were "blank pieces of paper bearing typewriting," that they "do not relate to the defendant" and were "full of the most general conclusions that I have ever seen." But the court allowed Drew to refer to these reports throughout his testimony to "refresh his memory."

Clearly Marzani's trial is an indication of how shadowy the so-called civil rights protections of the President's loyalty order will prove, "protections" which have been criticized as insufficient by the National Lawyers Guild, the American Civil Liberties Union, CIO president Philip Murray and many prominent legal educators.

If Justice Keech refused to admit as material the fact that Gen. William Donovan, OSS head under whom Marzani served, considered that Marzani was not a Communist, it is easy to figure what the proposed loyalty commission would consider not material. If he instructed the jury that it should not consider as material the fact that Marzani's State Department record was falsified to read "removed" instead of "resigned," what would such a commission, not bound by courtroom rules of evidence, do? If he refused to let the defense show, through a former head of Marzani's East Side (later Civilian Defense) Council, that a New York police inspector had admitted his error in calling Marzani a Communist, and gone ahead and issued a parade permit to the group, what would a commission do? If, over Ford's objections, the prosecutor was allowed to ask Marzani if his wife had been a Communist—to which he replied she had—what would a commission set up on vague lines do? If the Civil Service transcript, only part of which was introduced by the government, was kept from the defense when it wanted it all in the record, how would an employe fare under the loyalty commission?

These are the ways of the witch-hunters who are beginning to substitute the Truman Doctrine for the Bill of Rights.

Workers of Stalingrad

Their names are bells, their simple actions sagas:
These men who stood at their lathes and would not surrender,
Who tended their intricate beautiful machinery
Through the long siege, shielding with their bodies
The instruments of their children's liberation.

They learned to eat with one hand and work with the other
And to sleep on the concrete floors underneath their benches;
When one was struck down another stood in his place.
They stayed at their jobs while the guns hacked at their city:
Her streets are their graves, her ruined walls their headstones.

O tell, O toll forever, bronze-mouthed bells,
How men can build with their hands their own destiny
And how they can stand with clean pride to defend it:
Workers, pitting their skill against the bomb's destruction,
Riveting with ticks of the time-clock the people's victory.

ROBERT BRITTAIN.

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THEY REMEMBER GIRDLER

Labor cannot forget his brutal record; the union-busters want to bring back his pattern of open-shop rule. The story of Little Steel's boss.

By HOWARD FAST

This is the second and concluding installment of Mr. Fast's article on the 1937 Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON'S fine book, *The Robber Barons*, should be read as background to any study of Tom Girdler. He is a latter-day Morgan, a Jim Fisk, a John D. Rockefeller—but operating at a time when the tactics of these financial pirates were supposed to be outdated and hopeless. Perhaps in some new edition of Josephson's book Girdler will be included, along with a few other of his worthy contemporaries, as a sort of appendix.

Girdler is a farm boy, and he likes to think of himself as a part and a little more than a part of the good old Log Cabin tradition. He was fond of saying, in those days of steel trouble, that he liked a good rough and tumble fight; he talked tough and tried to look and act tough. But his toughness was the toughness of the rear-echelon general, the armchair two-gun man. It was never his lot to face even a small reflection of the violence he created.

In the Twenties, Cyrus Eaton, a Middle-Western manipulator, formed Republic out of four small steel companies. Eaton, too, had dreams of becoming an Andrew Carnegie; but his skill did not measure up to his ambition. He tangled with a very hard-boiled customer, Bethlehem Steel, and in the ensuing struggle Republic's shares fell from 80 to 2. At that time Girdler was making a very local name for himself in Jones & Laughlin Steel; Eaton pulled him out, promised him an arm and a leg, and told him to save Republic. In that case, anyway, Eaton's judgment was not at fault, for Tom Girdler not only saved Republic but turned it into the most up and coming steel company in the land—and in doing so he took just a little more than the arm and the leg; he eased Eaton entirely out of the picture.

There is no doubt that Girdler made the most of what he stepped into. Republic was light steel, specializing in steel for furniture, boilers, automobiles, light trains, various types of metal containers. Nor could this kind of production be changed; the plants, too, were specialized. Reluctantly, Girdler worked with what he had. His own fancy was for heavy stuff: girders, plates for warships—the kind of work Bethlehem did. He looked to a future alliance with Bethlehem, but in the meantime he worked with what he had. He hired scientists and picked their brains in the traditional fashion. He forced the development of more and better alloys, until his stainless steel had gained a national reputation.

The plants were old and inefficient, so he began to replace them. Cyclical depression usually winds up with a replacement of fixed capital which has become outdated, and the fact that Girdler's action was being duplicated all over the nation in the middle Thirties set at least a part of the wheels of industry in motion. At this point, Girdler was not too interested in profits; profits could be assured for a later period if he was successful in replacements and in mergers.

Tom Girdler.

He worked for control of Republic by chasing down small holdings of shares wherever he could locate them. He begged proxies. Because his Ohio plants were a good distance from the ore deposits of Minnesota, he planned and executed a merger with Corrigan-McKinney of Cleveland. When this went through he had a lake port to operate from, and a modern steel plant to add to his growing empire. For four years he worked to get proxies and control, until at last he was sitting firmly in the driver's seat, with plant after plant coming into the growing orbit of Republic.

He went after Truscon Steel, the largest fabricator of building-shapes, doors, lockers and window-frames in the Middle West, effected a merger and built up Truscon until it was the largest plant of its kind in the world. All this cost money, and from 1930 to 1935 Republic lost something around $30,000,000. This did not affect Girdler; he drew his income from his own huge salary. He did not own the combine—he merely had control. No single stockholder held more than six percent of the total stock, but by 1935 Girdler was so firmly in the saddle that no one could challenge his rule—and since the financial-industrial empire was growing, in spite of some 2,000,000 additional shares of watered stock, no stockholder or group of stockholders made serious efforts to challenge or unseat him.

FOR all of his drive and his large talk about "free enterprise," Girdler's tactics were toward monopoly. He interlocked with Youngstown Sheet & Tube; he interlocked with Jones & Laughlin. He thought and talked combine—and he operated in that direction with a ruthlessness that bowled over his competitors like tenpins. And when it came to dealing with his 50,000 workers, he chose the same tactics of ruthlessness and direct aggression.

He liked to refer to himself as a

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worker, but that was an out-and-out fiction; from his very beginnings in the industry he had been an ally of management, and then, very soon, he became a part of management.

He entered the industry as a salesman for Buffalo Forge. Then he was employed by the Oliver Iron Company. He was an assistant superintendent with Colorado Rail, and he held similar jobs elsewhere. But always it was over labor or apart from labor. It was Tom Girdler getting ahead and using his brains in the best Horatio Alger tradition, while all around him heavy-set, heavy-muscled men by the thousands worked long hours to turn the ore into metal and to shape it, forge it, tool it. One would surmise from his later actions that he had never held anything else but contempt for those who worked with their hands.

He was well schooled for the battles of 1937. Jones & Laughlin's Aliquippa mills were known as the "Siberia of America." Their company town was a place where the few brave union organizers who dared to enter faced beatings and even death, literally, at the hands of the goon squads. The town was also called "little hell," a fitting name.

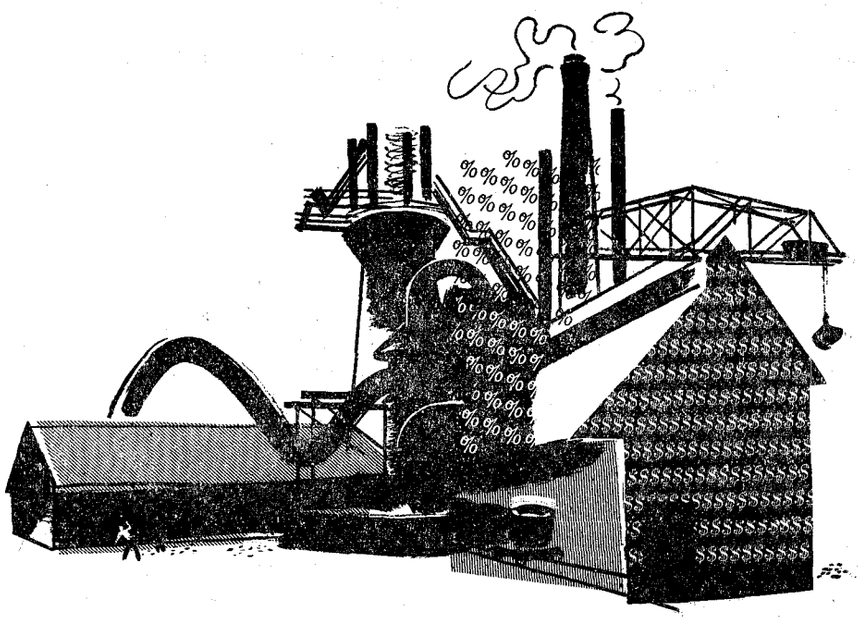
Apparently it was a place that suited Girdler excellently, for in a space of four years he rose from an assistant to president. After that he continued to climb steadily on the irreproachable ladder of success. As he climbed, his technique of dealing with the men he employed became progressively more ruthless. When the Memorial Day Massacre occurred, he was earning $130,000 a year. One might consider his statement that he would go back to hoeing potatoes before he bargained collectively with his employes as a piece of not-too-original verbiage. At the same time, he never gave any indication that the dead men and wounded women and children strewn over the Chicago prairie disturbed either his sleep or his equanimity.

YET it would give a very false picture of the industrial situation in 1937 to single out Tom Girdler as industry's bad boy. Nor could the dreadful occurrence of Memorial Day be understood from that point of view. From that point of view alone, the Chicago massacre becomes an isolated instance of one man's callousness—but it was by no means such an isolated instance.

Half a century before, the Haymarket Affair, also in Chicago, became the labor *cause celebre* of the nation and the world. The four labor leaders who were then framed and put to death in Chicago became martyrs or devils, according to the reaction of one class or another. But they could not have been so framed and murdered had there not been complete accord on the part of the most powerful forces in American finance. The same accord operated in the case of Girdler and the Chicago massacre.

Girdler was the front, the testing ground, the trial balloon of the most reactionary forces in American capitalism. This is not a matter for speculation. Girdler never owned more than a tiny fraction of Republic's stock. The big stockholders in Republic — and among them were some of the most powerful finance blocs in America—willingly allowed him to climb into the saddle, and once he was there they made no effort to unseat him. It should be historically noted that the Chicago dead did not arouse either the ire or the disgust of these same shareholders. They smiled behind their palms and quietly let Girdler bear the brunt of the storm. Also, Girdler all during that period was responsible to a board of directors. This board represented, in its composition, far-reaching and important interests; but at no point is there any record of their reprimanding Girdler or disagreeing with his action. Other factors can be cited. A handful of key men in Wall Street could have picked up their phones and ordered Girdler to call a quick halt to his bloody battle with labor—but they didn't, and there was every reason to believe that they silently backed Girdler in his policy.

Following this line of thought, it is interesting to observe the general press reaction to the Memorial Day Massacre. Although brief, the description of events on that day given earlier in this account makes a fairly good picture of what happened. Further documentation, hundreds of pages of detailed testimony, is included in the Senate Report, S. Res. 266, 74th Congress, Part 14, US Government Printing Office, 1937. Exhibits presented also run into hundreds. The testimony is explicit; it goes into minutiae, as may be gathered from the following extract, page 4939. John William Lotito, one of the strikers, is being examined by Senator La Follette:



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: All right. Did you see Captain Mooney while you stood there in front of the police?

MR. LOTITO: I think Captain Mooney was standing on a side where the other flag was—that is, to my left.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: Did you see what he was doing?

MR. LOTITO: Well, he had his hands up like this here. He was talking to the strikers. His lips were moving anyway. I couldn't hear what he was saying.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: You could not hear what he was saying?

MR. LOTITO: No.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: About how long would you say you stood there?

MR. LOTITO: Oh, maybe five minutes.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: All right. Now,

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tell me exactly, from your own knowledge, what happened at the end of this five-minute period.

MR. LOTITO: At the end of the five-minute period? Well, I was talking to this policeman there, and the first thing I knew I got clubbed, while I was talking to him.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: And then what happened?

MR. LOTITO: I got clubbed and I went down, and my flag fell down, and I went to pick up the flag again, to get up, and I got clubbed the second time. I was like a top, you know, spinning. I was dizzy. So I put my hand to my head, and there was blood all over. I started to crawl away, and half running and half crawling and I didn't know what I was doing, to tell you the truth. After I got up, why there was shots, and everything I heard, I didn't know which way to run. Anyway, I retreated back that way.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: You mean back toward Sam's Place?

MR. LOTITO: And then I got shot in the leg.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: How far away were you from the place where you had been standing talking to the police when you were shot in the leg, would you say?

MR. LOTITO: Oh, I got quite a ways from there, all right.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: Can you approximate how far?

MR. LOTITO: Maybe thirty or forty yards away I got.

This is just a page of testimony, chosen at random. There are far more harrowing details that might be listed, but the point is this: all the details necessary are in that record. There are reports of thousands of eye-witnesses. Newspaper reporters on the scene saw what happened. And if that were not enough, in addition to the still photographers, the Paramount News people took down a detailed photographic record of the whole affair.

IN OTHER words, the newspapers knew the facts of the case. They could not plead ignorance, even the carefully conditioned ignorance which allows them to interpret events abroad as they please. With all that, they too acted, with very few exceptions, as if they were part of the combine behind Tom Girdler. They lied about what had occurred outside the Republic Steel plant. They lied hugely and in unison, although they departed from the truth on many different levels.

The Chicago *Tribune*, for example, was overt and completely unabashed. It described the unarmed men and women and children as "lusting for blood." It raised a Red-scare which was sedulously promoted by the rest of the "carrion press," by the Hearsts, Pattersons and their fellow hate-mongers. The more respectable journals doubted that the police had indulged in provocation and pointed out that force was a necessary ingredient to the preservation of law and order. One looked in vain in such papers as the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* for editorials describing Tom Girdler, or his private police, as murderers—or even editorials reproaching them in much milder terms. No criminal action was ever taken to seek justice for the men who had died in Chicago—or for the men who died in Youngstown in the steel disputes which followed. Only the few independent newspapers and the labor press kept the issue alive and fought for justice—and there too is a remarkable parallel to what happened before in the Haymarket Affair.

SOME of the background to the Memorial Day Massacre has been presented here. It was shown that the massacre itself was both a part and a focal point in the pattern of open-shop violence. The strange, wild, tragic and disordered years of the third decade of the twentieth century, here in America, were not unproductive. Out of depression and despair came the greatest organization of labor this country ever knew—the industrial unionism of the CIO.

The America of today is not and cannot ever be the America of a decade ago. And those who would turn back the clock to the days of open-shop violence will have to reckon with the new power of organized labor. The CIO is not the organizing-infant it once was. The AFL is learning, if slowly, the value of labor unity. Even though the press is no more faithful, by and large, to the truth today than ten years ago, the American people have learned a good deal. And if such an incident as that in Chicago occurs again, it is wholly possible that those responsible will have to face the anger of millions instead of thousands.

THE BLACK MAHDI

Fifty years ago he drove the British out of the Sudan; today his son appears in England. A chapter from Africa's long fight for freedom.

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

THE Prime Minister of Great Britain has recently received in audience a Sudanese, whom the British have knighted — Sir Sayed Abdul Rahaman Mohammed Ahmed el Mahdi Pasha. But for one of his six names, outside his titles, the world might fail to recall the identity of this religious leader of the Sudan, *i.e.*, Land of the Blacks. That significant name is "El Mahdi," the Redeemer.

Mahdis have appeared from time to time among the Mohammedans, like that leader of the Fatimids in the eleventh century who swooped down from Morocco and conquered Egypt and eventually Syria, Sicily and the Hejaz. But the Mahdi of the nineteenth century was the black Mohammed Ahmed from Dongola. He arose to power in a day of turmoil in the Sudan. The Negro Fung had established the great state of Dafur on the upper Nile, and sought to divide Ethiopia between themselves and the mixed Arabs and Asiatics then dominant in Egypt. Here they ruled from 1500 to 1800. In the nineteenth century Mehemet Ali, who had seized power in Egypt and murdered the Mamelukes, sent his son into the Sudan to conquer the Fung. This son founded Khartoum, but was killed by the ene-

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my in 1822. Mehemet Ali wreaked bloody vengeance on the blacks and finally in conjunction with the ivory merchants prepared to join in the lucrative ivory and slave trade in 1839.

The ivory trade was based on the demand for ivory for piano keys, billiard balls and ornaments in England and America. These countries furnished firearms and other capital for the trade. Arabs and Negroes explored Central Africa for elephants to furnish the tusks. These tusks were loaded on the backs of porters forced into service from the local Central African tribes and brought to the East Coast of Africa or down the Nile. Once their burden of ivory was unloaded, instead of paying or returning the porters, the Arabs and Egyptians sold them into slavery.

This atrocious exploitation to furnish luxury items for rich Americans and Englishmen reduced the Sudan to unparalleled turmoil and misery in the nineteenth century. Great Britain blamed Arab and Negro slavery for all this and on that argument extended the British Empire under the pretext of suppressing slavery. But the slave dealers were under the dictation of Mehemet Ali and other allies of Britain and the trade continued. The Sudanese themselves had no doubt as to where the blame lay. Driven to despair, they declared Holy War against Christians under one of their religious leaders, Mohammed Ahmed, who proclaimed himself the "Mahdi," or Redeemer. He was set upon by English and Egyptians when he revolted in 1881, but aided by the Dinka Negroes saved Kordofan, in 1883, where he massacred the English army, led by Kicks Pasha. He gathered a large number of followers and in 1885 attacked Khartoum.

In Khartoum at this time was one Chinese Gordon. This singular soldier of fortune sold his ability to organize murder and pillage to the highest bidder anywhere in the world. In China he had helped to put down the rebels who were fighting desperately to save their country from Europe. He had offered his services to Leopold of Belgium to enslave the natives of the Congo, when the English, who were determined to reduce Egypt to British rule, bid for his services and secured them. Gordon was a religious fanatic who got drunk and prayed and had illegitimate colored children. But he bore the English banner of emancipating the slaves, although as a matter of fact he permitted the slave trade in the Sudan in order to pacify the Egyptians.

The wild hordes of the Mahdi burst into Khartoum and killed Chinese Gordon. Both British and Egyptians fled wildly out of the Sudan and for thirteen years did not dare return. The Mahdi died in 1886, but his successor, called the Khalifa, continued his victorious rule.

NO REAL history of this era of the Sudan has ever been written, nor has any adequate social study ever been made. We have had to depend on the folklore of British imperialism, which represents the Mahdi as a cruel and barbarous fanatic forcing slavery on blacks whom the English finally rescued with machine-guns — under Kitchener — in 1896. But the facts do not uphold this theory. England did not return to the Sudan in 1897 for any philanthropic reasons but because she saw her investments in danger and the political power back of those investments about to be attacked.

When driven out of the Sudan in 1885, England had been compelled to give up her designs upon Ethiopia. Thereupon she encouraged Italy in an attempt to annex Ethiopia. Ethiopia had been beset by the Khalifa and her king killed; but the successor of that king, Menelik, aided by France and Italy, restored his rule and held back the Khalifa. Italy thereupon demanded as payment virtual control of Ethiopia by a deceptive treaty. The black Lion of Judah roared and thoroughly trounced Italy at Adua. Here

"Haitian," sculpture by Jason Seley. American-British Art Center.

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now suddenly appeared in Africa two triumphant black nations, the Sudanese and Ethiopia. Not only this, but France, which had refused to join England in dominating Egypt, and had aided Ethiopia, now was on the point of renewing her imperialist dreams. She swept secretly across North Africa and was not only approaching the Nile Valley but made alliance with Ethiopia.

The English imperialists were aroused. Gold discoveries had been added to the diamonds of South Africa, and Cape to Cairo was not merely a dream — it was a vast and increasing investment manipulated by Cecil Rhodes. Every effort was made to stir up British imperialistic enthusiasm. Gordon appeared as a martyr to emancipation. The "Little Englanders" were bitterly ridiculed, and Kitchener, armed with the latest machine-guns and other weapons of war, was hastened to Africa against the dervishes, while Egypt was encouraged to join in reconquest of "her" Sudan.

Kitchener conquered, slaughtering 27,000 Sudanese. He dug up the dead bones of the Mahdi and contemptuously threw them on the ground. Britain cheered wildly but never forgot "Cape-to-Cairo" Kitchener. He hastened down to Fashoda, where a little French army had appeared after a long march from West Africa. He offered the French surrender or war. France submitted and the Sudan reappeared under the dubious title of the "Anglo-Egyptian Sudan."

TODAY, fifty years later, after two world wars which the imperialism of the nineteenth century hatched, and which have nearly overthrown European civilization, there appears in England the son of the black Mahdi of the nineteenth century. What does he ask? He demands that in the treaty by which Great Britain recognizes the independence of Egypt, this recognition shall not include the Sudan as belonging to Egypt. Going away back to the invasion of Nubia by Selim of Egypt in 1617, the son of the Mahdi declared that Egypt and the Sudan had been independent countries under treaty of alliance despite the lawless slave raids and oppression of Mehemet Ali. That for five thousand years previously, the Land of the Blacks had never been conquered by the pharaohs of Egypt, the kings of Assyria, Alexander the Great, the Empire of Rome, the Mohammedans, the Turks or even the great Saladin. Only after the final overthrow of the Mahdi and the Khalifa did the Sudanese submit to unwilling rule under the English and Egyptians, who still call the Sudanese slaves.

The situation is curiously complicated today. British and European capital have developed the water-power of the Sudan upon which the very life of Egypt depends. Moreover, the Egyptians have done little to placate or attract the Sudanese. The ruling caste in Egypt remains Asiatic, although the Negro blood of the Fellahin throughout Egypt is plainly apparent. Yet few persons of Negro blood reach high position in Egypt either in politics, science or society. In other words, a color line is apparent in Egypt—not the legal caste of the United States, nor the deeply imbedded custom as in British dominions—but nevertheless clear and obvious.

The English, on the other hand, have cultivated the Sudanese. They have given them in Gordon College, and other schools, secondary education enabling them to fill the civil service with Sudanese rather than Egyptians. And as in West Africa and the West Indies, the British have dangled before the Sudanese the promise of eventual autonomy. They have distributed a few knighthoods and ribbons of distinction; but they have carefully limited higher training, and encouraged few blacks to enter English universities.

But in Egypt the agitation for independence from England and for democracy in Egypt has been carried on by students, and among this group Negro blood is widespread. Now that real Egyptian independence is in sight, the radicals want the cooperation of the Sudanese. But the Sudanese are divided. Some led by the son of the Mahdi do not trust the Egyptians. They see in Egypt a poverty and degradation among the poor peasants which is perhaps the worst on earth. Still believing in the honesty of the English, they demand an independent Sudan with autonomy in the near future. The British hesitate; they fear the wrath of investors, the hate of Egypt and the real menace of a holy war, which El Mahdi boldly threatens.

As it is clear that Egypt cannot be held in political subjection forever, the British have undoubtedly deliberately promised the Sudanese autonomy. But, complain the Egyptians bitterly, this would be a pistol aimed at our heads, especially since the English will still hold the investments and dominate the Sudan as a British colony. What will a promise of freedom for the Sudan be worth even under the socialist Labor government?

Here we can see in tragic outline the mess which capitalism has forced upon the modern world. Without plan or foresight, save to make private profit as huge and fast as possible, millions of people today stand tied hand and foot. Britain cannot apply socialism to Africa lest she antagonize the most powerful elements in her society; Egypt cannot be free, because her freedom involves the continued slavery of the Sudan; the Sudan cannot be independent, because her autonomy threatens the bread and butter of Egypt, through British investment. Moreover a successful, free Sudan would loose in Central Africa a force which would in time surely drive the land monopolists of Kenya into the sea and reverberate in that Rhodesia and South Africa where capitalism and human slavery are today building their last and strongest bulwarks.

DOCTRINE ON WINGS

***Aviation News*, among the most influential periodicals in the aviation field, reports in its May 5, 1947 issue that by the middle of the summer 2,000 planes now stored on the West Coast will be "depickled" and flown "either to eastern Army bases or delivered to friendly foreign countries in a move viewed as having politico-economic significance." Hundreds of B-29 bombers are being readied for the flight from California. "Such reactivation gives indication that air services are taking the wrappings off their 'big stick'—the heavy bomber—to lend weight to State Department negotiations in Europe. . . . The San Bernadino, Spokane, and Rome bases—elaborately equipped with shops and supply depots—will not be declared 'surplus'. They are to be kept on a stand-by basis, capable of being restored in seventy-two hours."**

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review and comment

THE BROADAXE OF SINCLAIR LEWIS

America's veteran novelist cuts down some big timber in the backwoods of Jim Crow.

By HOWARD FAST

KINGSBLOOD ROYAL, *by Sinclair Lewis. Random House.* $3.

AS LONG ago as the long, long past, when the war you spoke about meant the war to save democracy, or to make the world safe for it, as some said, and the Model T was a fact, not a legend, and you knew people whom Attorney General Palmer had put in jail and were still there, I heard it said, in a monotonous singsong that has not improved with the years, "Sinclair Lewis can't write." Blessed be those who tell the doers what they can or cannot do! That time in the long, long ago was a time when reading was an adventure, each book a new door into a new world—and after these twenty years or so, how sweet and bitter and merciless and fine the taste of *Babbitt* and *Mainstreet* and *Elmer Gantry* still is!

But Sinclair Lewis can't write, as I've discovered after reading three or four reviews of his new piece of literary dynamite, *Kingsblood Royal.* This poor, benighted man, who won a Nobel Prize for literature more than a decade ago, who has twenty novels to his credit, who numbers his readers by the millions, who is read by more millions in twenty other languages, had just gone along merrily these past thirty years under the illusion that he was a writer. Well, so have I—and I consider him a damned good writer, a hell of a writer, and I think that his new book, in terms of choice of content, in terms of the problem he set for himself, in terms of broad understanding of the forces at work in our society, is the most vigorous and positive thing he has ever turned out.

Show me your writer of sixty and better, with four decades of continuous work behind him, who can match it! Where the young hopefuls of the Thirties—Steinbeck and Dos Passos and Saroyan and Farrell and so many others—have rotted into a spongy and frightful literary hopelessness, this old man—I speak of years, not of heart and mind—meets the challenge of our times, tears off the sick mask of race hatred, and writes as savage an indictment of monopoly-fostered Jim Crow as our literary scene has witnessed.

Young Neil Kingsblood, as you have surely heard by now, is that paragon of all any American could want to be—a war veteran with a Purple Heart and a game leg, tall, handsome, red-headed, white—put that in quotes—Protestant, job in a bank, nice house in the suburbs, beautiful wife, blond and beautiful little daughter, accepted, respected, not only of the new master race but of the master race within the master race. His game leg rules out sports, so he turns to genealogy as a hobby. The family likes to think that it stems from a bastard child of the Eighth Henry, and with a golden vision of what royal blood — even filtered through bastardry — would mean in a Minnesota town like Grand Republic, they send young Neil out researching into his past.

There he finds royal blood, right enough, in the person of a great-great-grandfather, Xavier Pic, a man as royal and noble and enduring as any who has walked on this earth, a pioneer, an opener of roads—and also a full-blooded Negro. That makes young Neil one-sixteenth Negro; that also makes for a situation pregnant with possibility, and it makes for a book you will not want to put down until the last page.

BUT after all, what makes for the difference? I've described a situation—in modern terminology, a gimmick—not so different from those invented by other writers. Laura Hobson's *Gentleman's Agreement* also exercised a gimmick, and her book was an important magazine piece, hardly much more. Lewis' book is a great deal more. If he had been content with the situation and all the situational possibilities obvious to it, the reviewers of the kept press would have had no bone to pick with him. It would have been: "Good old Red is at it again"; and hardly anyone would have reminded us that Lewis never could write.

But Lewis was not content with the surface situational possibilities. Once he had inserted the scalpel and opened Jim Crow to his inquisitive, incisive and unsentimental gaze, he discovered the putrid decay underneath — and then, like Neil Kingsblood, he made his choice and waded in. Step by step, Sinclair Lewis moved along this strange new road he had chosen. Knowing him and his method of work, I can appreciate how he must have studied, worked, inquired, fought with his material, and pursued the truth through the maze of falsehood, legend and slander that American society has created around the Negro people.

But he followed where the road led him, and he came to certain conclusions, and it is these conclusions

To combat the reactionary offensive against culture and explore the problems of a people's culture a conference on Marxism and American Culture will be held at the Jefferson School, New York, June 6-7-8, under the auspices of NEW MASSES and *Mainstream*. Participating in the conference, in addition to the editorial boards of the two publications, will be invited guests from among workers in the various cultural fields. We urge our readers to watch in future issues of NEW MASSES for the publication of some of the conference material.

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that add the good red meat to the bone of his situation. He discovered that biological racism is an evil lie; he discovered that Negroes are precisely as intelligent or foolish as white folk; he discovered that Jim Crow is not spontaneous but deliberately created; he discovered that Jim Crow has economic roots and that those economic roots grow best in the soil of monopoly capitalism; he discovered that it is not the *lumpen* who create race hatred and race riot, but those who are known as the "best families"; and he discovered that Jim Crow is not a *problem*, not a small matter that *niceness* will cure, as so many reviewers have it, but a filthy cancer that permeates American life—and must be eliminated lest it eliminate us. Nor does he deceive either himself or the reader regarding that process of elimination. No reformist speaks in this book, but an angry militant who states, as positively as a novelist can state it: "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees."

That is why *Kingsblood Royal* is not merely a good or interesting book, but as important a document on the subject as anyone has written this past decade. Be damned with those who say it is poorly written! When a man cuts down a tree, he doesn't use a penknife, but a two-edged ax, and he swings from the shoulder, not from the wrist. I have little patience with those small-voiced connoisseurs of the *Kenyon Review* and the *Partisan Review* who criticize the laces when they are not fit to polish the boots. Show me another American writer who can talk the broad language of the middle states as Lewis does; show me another who can use satire so devastatingly, who can turn love and understanding into such monumental hatred! Show me another who can tell a story like this, in the wonderful old tradition of story-telling! Admittedly, this is neither a Proust nor a Faulkner—but only a fool eliminates whiskey because there is wine. Lewis is out of Clemens and Whitman and London, and I, for one, would not want him different.

The more shame, I say, that Orville Prescott in the New York *Times* should write, "As a novel, as a work of art, it is unworthy of the man who wrote so many fine ones." As a novel, as a work of art, as a part of the human experience, it is very worthy of the man who created George Babbitt.

My hat is off to this man for his courage, his honesty and his integrity.

Facts and Myths

STALIN MUST HAVE PEACE, *by Edgar Snow. Random House.* $2.50.

WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS, *by John Fischer. Harper.* $2.75.

DESPITE a thin thread of agreement in content and conclusion, these two books are poles apart in terms of the spirit in which they are written and the experience of their respective authors. Where Snow draws on more than a decade of intimate contact with the Soviet Union and its neighbor nations, Fischer has composed his volume in the library surrounded and submerged by a typical cross-section of American commentary on Russia, supplemented by the brief impressions of two months in the Ukraine and a quick visit to Moscow. Where Snow asserts the need for understanding between the US and USSR and keeps this objective constantly in front of him, Fischer pays lip-service to the same necessity but produces the kind of book which helps to make understanding all but impossible. Snow has not written a pretty book to please, but within certain limitations it is honest and is a serious attempt to explore the common ground between two great countries and systems that must live together. Fischer, on the other hand, has drawn a crushing indictment from Marshall MacDuffie, chief the UNRRA mission to the Ukraine on which Fischer served, who charges him with writing a book which seriously compromises the good work done by the UNRRA mission and which is, at best, "based upon deductions from an extremely limited experience in the country."

Fischer is a graphic penman and his picture of poverty and hardship in the Ukraine is worth reading for its revelation of the tragedy of war; but unfortunately that is not the purpose to which he puts it. He proceeds to deduce by implication a similar state of poverty and squalor throughout the entire Soviet Union. Even William L. White, whose *Report on the Russians* contained glaring inaccuracies and brash generalizations, never descended to quite this level. Fischer generalizes to his heart's content. Material prepared and in some cases published before his trip is indiscriminately lumped in with first-hand impressions to give authentication to the whole. An indication of the extent of this misrepresentation is to be found in the minimum of fifty changes in the text

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which were subsequently compelled by Mr. MacDuffie's tenacious insistence.

Equally objectionable is the spirit in which Fischer writes. He deliberately trades on the ignorance of the reader. For example, he describes a girl named Maria who lives in the Ukraine under conditions of undeniable hardship, and comments, "In the last twenty years she has been taught a good deal about 'Soviet Culture,' which mostly means hygiene." So much for creative accomplishments in music, drama and literature that are outstanding in the contemporary world. New Yorkers had an opportunity last September, before the Department of Justice delivered its ukase, to hear Zoya Haidai and Ivan Patorzhinski of the Kiev State Opera in excerpts from Ukrainian operas written during the war and performed by the company in Siberia, where the singers were stationed. The picture of the individual, Maria, may be accurate; the inference involves a grave distortion of fact, as every New York music critic will bear witness. Russians would be less than human if they did not resent this kind of distortion, and it is a shocking commentary on the integrity of the editors of *Reader's Digest*, the Book-of-the-Month Club, a commentator like Raymond Gram Swing and a scholar such as Foster Rhea Dulles, that they will commend a book of this character as intelligent and accurate.

The difficulties involved in getting good books on the Soviet Union published in America are very great. Elliott Roosevelt learned this when his *Look* magazine articles, other than his Stalin interview, were suppressed outright, though the same magazine had sent him to Russia as a correspondent and itself assigned the subjects he was to investigate. That he came back impressed by what he saw, and told the facts, made his articles unprintable. Edgar Snow has obviously written his *Saturday Evening Post* articles, which form his book, with this censorship problem in mind. There was considerable division among the editors as to publication even at that, and ultimately the pieces were released with a long and detailed apologia. It is a fair inference that Snow was given permission to incorporate them in this little book on the condition that they be prefaced by an introductory chapter written by the foreign editor of the *Post*, Martin Sommers. By quoting Kravchenko for his conclusions and emphasizing the possibilities of war, Sommers gives a cast to the rest of the book which is unfair to its content but will help to neutralize its recommendations for many readers. Such is the current state of affairs that perhaps we should be grateful that the *Post* printed the articles at all, and consented to the publication of the book.

Snow undertakes to analyze Soviet policy in the light of the long history of intervention and encirclement, wartime losses, acute postwar dislocation and foreign drum-beating. With satire often biting, he shows how Western moves appear to the Russians, and points up their exasperation when they are accused of acts which others here are nakedly perpetrating. There is a useful attempt in all this to relate the differences of thinking and attitude which are part of the problem of understanding and cooperation. In doing this I wish that Snow could have provided his readers with some standard by which to determine the truth or the falsehood of the charges and countercharges which he describes. While his irony may explode a few myths, it may also reinforce for the ignorant a number of negative impressions.

In fact, both these books stress an old myth about the Soviet Union—its so-called "weakness." They seek to prove that for this reason it must be peace-minded. They do not note that peace is indigenous to the whole Soviet way of life. Unfortunately, the "weakness" myth provides a measure of argument to war-makers here who believe that *now* is the time to capitalize on that "weakness." It is not irrelevant for someone at this point to remind the war-makers what Hitler discovered when he took the "weakness" myth seriously. We do not want to make any such mistake. The way back from the Truman Doctrine to the Roosevelt orientation is going to be long and hard, but it must be found.

WILLIAM H. MELISH.

Realist Into Tory

THE SHOWMAN OF VANITY FAIR, *by Lionel Stevenson. Scribner's. $5.*

THIS life of Thackeray is saturated with fact and document, yet written in sprightly and interesting style. A believable portrait of the writer emerges, and a description of the literary profession, or business, as it was practiced in the earlier days of Victoria's reign. Stevenson writes frankly of Thackeray's unhappy private life. He also describes the change that took

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place in the literary world, with the writer looking upon himself not as a prophet before an audience but a producer of acceptable goods for a market.

But such facts are not enough to explain this misshapen genius, who was at the same time a penetrating realist and a most compromising Victorian Tory apologist. Insights into truth and the fear of truth lie side by side in his novels, after the great achievement of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray's failure to grow as an artist is directly due to his failure, like that of so many young liberals of the nineteenth century, to meet the challenge of 1848. After the mid-century it was no longer possible to preserve a sincere liberalism yet remain acceptable to the upper classes of English society. A man had to choose sides. Thackeray chose. Still calling himself a "Whig," like so many Whigs of the time he had only some vague humanitarian reservations to pure Toryism. He approved of slavery in America, approved of Louis Napoleon in France, would have no part of the English labor movement, became the most prudish of censoring editors. His powerful literary weapon, the exposure of "humbug," became blunted. He was a good part humbug himself, and his knowledge of this compromise made him as unhappy as his love for another man's wife. Stevenson accepts Thackeray's "liberalism" with a political innocence hardly believable in these times. He has brought together a number of facts, however, of value to any student of Thackeray, and has had the happy thought of including a liberal selection of the novelist's drawings. Not proficient or studied enough to be art of importance, they nevertheless have life and sparkle, something of the keen perception of human personality that the novels developed to a degree unequalled by almost any other English writer of the century.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Dreamdust

FIELDS OF WONDER, *by Langston Hughes. Knopf.* $2.50.

EVER since poetry began, the plain, the solid, the monosyllabic (Keats': "And no birds sing"), the direct and everyday (Shakespeare's: "Pray you, undo this button"), the momentous because the common (Wordsworth's: "And never lifted up a single stone") have been the stuff that poetry is made of. Langston Hughes follows this tradition.

In "Juliet," for example, the simple conventional words alone produce the starkness of the situation:

There are wonder
And pain
And terror,
And sick silly songs
Of sorrow,
And the marrow
Of the bone
Of life
Smeared across
Her mouth.

The road
From Verona
To Mantova
Is dusty
With the drought.

In "Trumpet Player: 52nd Street," which *Mainstream* has published, the poet has employed simple words still but has added to them the fierceness of the unconventional image without distortion of language. There is no ambidextrous word play in both poems cited. Realism is present, and the greater suggestiveness inherent in simplicity projects the meaning.

The suggestiveness of the direct symbol is also used by the poet with good effect, as the use of the symbol of the Red Star in the poem "When the Armies Passed."

However, side by side with a poem of this order are poems reminiscent of the Romantic era. Too often the poet's fields of wonder are only the silver rain, the moonlight night, the snake (pretty much as D. H. Lawrence saw him), dream-dust, snails, rainbows, trees, and the "half-shy young moon/ Veiling her face like a virgin/ Waiting for a lover." Stars and sun and moon, not felt with the passion that Hughes has for the social outrages of our time, can only produce the curious self-indulgence of "A House in Taos," in which "three smitten by beauty" fear the "windlessness" of their Taos home. When Hughes leaves the Taos atmosphere and with no romantic backwash reminds us that

Walls have been known
To fall,
Dusk turn to dawn
And chains be gone!

we are reassured that the poet's deep sense of reality will lead him to more passionate fields of wonder.

HARRIET HAMBARIN.

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Not Gaudy

THE STATE OF MIND, *by Mark Schorer. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.

"THE STATE OF MIND" is a collection of thirty-two stories, most of them based on the practically unassailable assumption that modern life is hell on the subconscious. Not that the neuroses the author describes are dramatic, or even visible to the naked eye: on the contrary, the characters that inhabit the volume go about quietly hag-ridden and seldom break out into gaudy eccentricities. The author doesn't have any prescription for helping his sad people; he's content merely to tell about them as he sees them. In a few of the stories he does so very well, and in some not so well.

A good many of Mr. Schorer's tenants are children, and he has a real capacity for describing a child's thought processes in adult language without sacrificing credibility. "Little Girls in White" is an amusing and horrifying account of two small starched female savages, and "The Empty Lot," a boy-and-dog story, is far and away the best piece in the book.

When Mr. Schorer turns his attention to the grown-ups he is by and large less successful. As long as he confines himself to irony he does well enough, in fact very well in such pieces as "Consideration of the Poor" and "The Right to a Little Peace," twin stories which effectively demolish a pair of pretentious suburban parents. But when he eschews irony in favor of sentimentality, the stories become contrived and bathetic. "The Long Embrace," another of those under-anaesthesia things, has no place in a collection of seriously-intentioned stories; it is ornate, false and sloppy and the author might better have tucked it quietly under a sofa cushion after collecting his check from *Esquire*, which published it.

Mr. Schorer has a number of infuriating literary tricks. The worst of them is the beloved confession-story device in which the protagonist, after some stimulating incident of plot, suddenly sees himself as he really is. Mr. Schorer's dialogue will never put Hemingway out of business, although when children are talking he seems to develop a miraculous ear for natural speech.

For the rest, *The State of Mind* is neither very good nor very bad. Which, of course, is not good enough.

MARGERY BARRETT.

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AMERICAN MUSICAL POLITICS

ON THE same day that I heard one of the concerts of the Columbia University festival of American music, I heard a performance of the third string quartet of Shostakovich, written last summer. The contrast was apparent, not so much of two different kinds of music as of two cultures. The Shostakovich work was no world-shaking masterpiece, but except for a slightly formalistic first movement it was completely sincere and enjoyable. Form, content and idiom were one. Regardless of the scope of its message, which was not on the most epic level, it was at least a human voice speaking. Very few of the contemporary American works heard on the three Columbia programs even approached its level.

I am not saying this to claim that Soviet composers are all better than American, for it is not so. There are many fine composers in America, and there is music being written which can represent us with honor at any international competition. But the good music is simply not being performed at such festivals, and the reason is not sheer accident. Music is not so baffling a medium of communication as some critics make it out to be. People with an ear for it can pretty well distinguish work of quality from uninspired work. The fact, and it is one that can lead to the death of music in America, is that the conditions under which music is chosen for performance favor bad works rather than good.

Certain American composers have gotten out of the "starvation" class of artists. But they have paid a heavy price for this comfort, the price of not being artists. They are teachers, loaded with administrative details; or else they work for Hollywood, the radio or for anyone who will hire them. In contrast to the composers in the Soviet Union, who have the dignity and freedom of being able to work at their art, there is hardly an American composer who can make enough from his art to live on.

At the same time, performances of American music being relatively few in the concert world, such performances have to be fought for. Whether the music is lasting, moving or profound becomes less important to the composer than for him to get the necessary prestige of at least one publicized performance, like the professor who regularly has to have a book or paper published. Performances being at a premium, they are won not through excellence but through wire-pulling, connections, influence with the largely tony set which runs the major musical organizations and such festivals as these. The atmosphere of the entire Columbia affair was not that of a report to the American people on what American composers were doing, but an exhibition to club members and patrons of a select group of works put together for the occasion, accompanied by expressions of mutual admiration. The general impression I got from the music as a whole was that of some good ideas and capable craftsmanship drowned in a sea of academicism; an academicism that, whether based on romantic practices or neo-classic ones, made the entire affair meaningless and unexciting; an academicism that is the necessary product of the atmosphere, away from living audiences, within which these part-time composers work.

Probably the best work of music presented was the Virgil Thomson opera, on which I have already reported [NM, June 3]. The first orchestral concert opened with a Concerto Grosso for strings, by Vittorio Giannini, which seemed to take over bodily a Vivaldi concerto and translate it into "modern" harmony. The word is in quotes because the old master, Vivaldi, had a much better idea of the functional nature of harmony. Leo Sowerby's "The Canticle of the Sun," a setting of a hymn by St. Francis for large chorus and orchestra, was an extremely well-made piece of music, but pointless.

Devotional writers of the past, when they wrote a hymn, wrote it to be used as a hymn. The form made sense. In Sowerby's work the words, chanted by a full chorus, might as well have been Sanskrit. The pounding orchestra spoke of excitements not found in the words, although it occasionally made some appealingly sensuous sounds. The melodic themes were of the clipped type which make for better formal manipulation than emotional communication. The work as a whole had the negative effect of a piece of abstract craftsmanship. Nicolai Berezowsky's cantata "Gilgamesh," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, had

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a different kind of pointlessness. The words were clear, amply underlined by the singers and illustrated at every step by the orchestra. The literary text, however, was an esthetic falsehood. Dealing with themes of death and immortality, it did not relate these themes to the special meaning they had in the myth and ritual of ancient times, nor did it offer anything of meaning to our own time except a vague feeling of temporary spiritual uplift. The music, while knowingly written, never descended deeper than the surface mood or picture; sometimes sweetly sensuous, sometimes resembling "Peter and the Wolf" without the humor or melody and twice as loud.

The second orchestral concert, in which Wallenstein conducted the NBC Orchestra, offered the "Tom Paine" overture by Burrill Phillips, "Variations on a Billings Theme" by Ross Lee Finney, and a symphony by Halsey Stevens, so much like each other it was hard to tell them apart. The idiom used was what seems to be most prevalent in American music today. This does not go the whole atonal, or polytonal, path. Instead it is generally tonal, but adds strange chords and modulations in an "anything goes" style, and the result is not freedom of expressiveness but a general characterlessness, like the English prose commonly found in a PhD. thesis. "New England Chronicle," by Richard Donovan, was at least partially rewarding, in its cleaner textures and impulsive movement.

The third concert was a bow to chamber music, in which many excellent American works have been written, but limited itself to the restricted medium of works for wind instruments. The music was generally pleasant, small-scale and innocuous. A sextet by Adolph Weiss showed a rich, expressive and original play with harmony and timbre, and a Serenade by Alexei Haieff had a good deal of melodic and rhythmic charm.

THE composer MacDowell once refused to permit a work of his to be performed at a concert of American music, because he resented the condescension implied in limiting American music to such special affairs. He showed deep insight. The very atmosphere of festivals such as these, making a bow to American composers once a year, and the accompanying politics that surround the winning of performances during the regular concert season, do harm rather than good to American music. This festival put American music in a false light. There is better music being written. Blitzstein's "Airborne," while far from greatness, puts most of the works played here to shame. A piano sonata by Roger Sessions, performed by Andor Foldes, which I heard at a League of Composers' concert, showed a fine originality, deep thought and tight structure from which much could be learned. Herbert Haufrecht for years has been writing songs, some of which I heard sung by the tenor John Seully, which have a compelling emotion and a flexible, consistent idiom, which makes them music worth knowing. These composers, and Ives, Ruggles, Cowell, Riegger, Bloch, Copland, all have music gathering dust which it would profit everyone to know. As a brilliant young musicologist remarked to me, discussing this festival, if our institutions of musical learning such as Columbia University and the Juillard School would offer year-round, frequent presentations of American music to an interested public, the fresh air let into American music would quickly blow out the backslapping politics, separate the concoctions from the honest works of imagination, bring out the stature to which American music has attained, and help it to attain even greater stature.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

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THEATER

Music and the theater are old companions. The musical comedy continues to be our most popular single form of theater. The rather banal *Up in Central Park*, which just completed a record-breaking tour, is an example of the public affection for the slight tale told in song and dance.

Even in realistic drama, as demonstrated this season in the passage with music in *Another Part of the Forest* and in the impromptu choruses of *Our Lan'*, music serves, with remarkable effect, to heighten or relax dramatic tension. And in the films a dimension seems to be lost when the music stops.

Yet, ironically, where music is used directly in drama, problems arise. In opera what is considered good singing requires performers whose vocal organs are so over-developed as to deprive them of the flexibility and physical coordination necessary to good acting. The rendition of a musical passage in full voice virtually immobilizes the singer.

How much can opera express dramatically? Too little, I thought, for hopes of an opera in our realistic age —until I saw Menotti's *The Medium*, now competing *as theater* with current Broadway productions. *The Medium* is an American parallel, in a way, of the successful operatic productions by the Nemirov-Danchenko Musical Theater in Moscow, where acting was stressed and the singing was done in the natural voice rather than in the forced volumes and registers of the usual operatic singing.

How much is lost, musically, when the acting rather than the singing is stressed; and whether the voice training for operatic effects is the development of an abnormality and an esthetic offense as some people claim, are debates I will not join in here. For me the important matter is that a greater concern for dramatic values in opera leads, as it logically should, to better music drama.

In that other great form of the musical theater, the ballet, an overdevelopment similar to the overdevelopment of the operatic voice stands as much in the way. Here the strenuous body silences the voice. The body speaks to music in its motions but its range of expression has always been restricted; and more so today than before, with the transformation of ballet from an aristocratic to a popular art.

In the present phase of this transformation in America two major trends are noticeable, particularly in the work of the young and lively Ballet Theater, whose Spring season at the City Center was one of the events of the year. One is the tendency to replace the costumed romping European peasants of the classical ballet with American types, giving them settings and themes drawn from American life. Examples of this are the Jerome Robbins ballets, particularly the sailor's night in *Fancy Free* and the jazz turns in *Interplay*.

The other is the trend toward realistic drama instead of the customary ballet fairy tale, particularly in the Anthony Tudor ballets. Tudor's work has sometimes been compared with Martha Graham's; but her challenging use of the chant and her more sensitive symbolism bring her compositions closer to the dance poem than to the dance play.

The Tudor ballets attempt to dramatize the Freudian concept in the dance. Talented as they are, they are rather literal in their symbolism, and their psychiatric preoccupations give them a strain of abnormality. *Undertow*, with its spiralling patterns of sex guilts and atonements, coming after that dramatization of inhibition, *Pillar of Fire* (which remains Tudor's masterpiece) indicates a declining rather than a growing mastery of this material.

Perhaps this preoccupation with depth psychology is due to the fact that, in the transformation of ballet from an aristocratic art, it has found itself at a way station as an art for the intelligentsia. And the intelligentsia, for more than the surface reasons, continues in its consuming interest in psychology.

This development is, of course, not peculiar to ballet. Similar developments are observable in other arts. And in one aspect they all seem to be a significantly shrinking response to the repression that, for some ten years, has been contracting our culture. Through the incessant direct and indirect persecution of the progressive, the mind of our time is being shut off from the whole world and forced increasingly inward upon itself. The one free area in America, the one intellectual area unburdened with risks, seems to be the subconscious.

The more one thinks of it, the more indignant one feels recalling the vigorous impulses in the dance of the Twen-

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ties and the first half of the Thirties, when the whole of life and art were drawn upon for new themes and new forms. What a dance theater the brilliant choreographers and dancers of the Ballet Theater could give us were there a return to the wide range and exhilaration of that time! With Robbins' acute observation of American life and with Tudor's dramatic sense the usable talents are at hand.

Let the present ballet be brought into the whole of life, let its dramatic impulses rise from its present submergence in the subconscious. That would take ballet a long further step forward in its transformation into a popular art; and it would be an act of liberation from the "cold" repression that now grips American culture.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

FILMS

"THE NUREMBERG TRIALS" (Stanley) is a sharp reminder to a world slipping into forgetfulness that only a few short years ago mad arsonists were putting the world to flame. It is a fundamental primer in the elementary truths that a state which begins by persecuting its dissident political parties, torturing its minorities, ends by leaving its own people in chains and the world in ashes. Step by successive step the prosecutors of the Allied legal commission show the guilt of the arrogant Goering, the vulgar Streicher, the proud and cruel Jodl, the crafty Rosenberg, the perfumed Von Ribbentrop and the other merchants of death. In contrast to the gray and nervous and deflated defendants in the Nuremberg courtroom, the film cuts back to show them in their days of glory when they were ordering the cremation of hundreds of thousands of victims, mass machine-gunning thousands of prisoners, rubbing their hands over burning villages, stuffing sacks with human hair for mattresses back home, saving the gold from the dentures of corpses, rooting among the murdered for trinkets, shoes and clothing.

The film is a record of degradation and a warning. The Nazis of Germany are gone, but their progeny are still exercising power and asking for more. The world may once again witness the horrors of the Nuremberg killers unless their political offspring are stopped and stopped now.

J. F.

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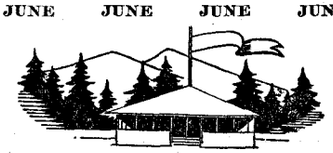

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